

Kidza

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Kidza

by [Specifically_vauge](#)

Summary

What if Philza was a child that adopts a couple people? Meanwhile being just a tad oblivious that he's been adopted by a certain Blood God who has resigned himself to accepting that with this child, comes a much larger family.

Or- I take cannon and change it dramatically to fit my story and satisfy my need to give Philza more attention and love.

Notes

Please be patient! I'm new to writing. Please feel free to comment!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Prologue

Technoblade knew who he was. He was a man that was feared by most, and with good reason. He was a hybrid that didn't fit in with Piglins, or humans. He was the Blood God that never died, and had violent and paranoid voices screaming at him more often than not. He was the bad guy.

He was not the hero. He was not the nice guy that had good social skills. He wasn't the type of person who could afford to be soft. Being soft got people like Techno killed.

He's a child

Protect the child

Take him with you

Can we keep him?

For once, the voices didn't crave violence.

Technoblade had joined a new smp server. EarthSMP. The hybrid was already making plans to rule the server, he'd enjoy winning wars and crushing everyone's spirits. And once he had the entire server, maybe the voices would be content to settle down. However, while in the lobby waiting for the server to get started, he spotted him. A child amongst the sea of people.

Well, maybe not a *child* , but certainly *very* young. What caught the Hybrids attention the most, were the kids wings. You only got those from beating the game on hardcore- and even then, there were several requirements you'd have to meet to get actual *wings*. And this kid couldn't be more than 14. Small and scrawny, dressed in what seemed like Japanese styled cloths and talking to Wilbur with a soft smile.

It didn't add up. So Technoblade approached him. Most people scurried out of his path, not wanting to anger the Blood God. "Hey, kid." The boy spun around quickly, eyes wide as he craned his neck to look up at Technoblade's face. Techno knew he was larger than most people on the server, but it was comical how much the kid had to look up. The boy only came to about his lower chest- that was being generous.

The kid's startled surprise morphed into a soft smile, and he waved at Techno. Not a hint of fear in his posture as introduced himself. "Hello, mate! I'm Philza, you're Technoblade. Right?" He spoke with the same accent that Wilbur had, and seemed far too genuine to be an actual person.

Adopt him

He's ours now

cHiLeD

adorable.

EEEEEE

EEEEEE

EEEEEEEEEE

Technoblade tried to ignore Chat, instead giving the boy a simple nod before he spoke. "You're a part of my faction." Techno said simply, before he turned and made the short trek back to his spot.

Phil watched the Blood God walk awak, jaw slacked as he tried to process what just happened. He looked to Wil for help, but the older boy seemed just as lost as Phil, so he gave a small shrug. "Guess I'll see ya later, mate!" Phil said, before scurrying after the hybrid. Throwing a last wave over his shoulder to Wil as he stood beside the legendary Blood God that apparently trusted nobody. Phil had heard rumours of his merciless bloodlust, and how he'd charge into battles with nothing but his bare hands. It was a terrifying visual, especially now that Phil can see the legend in person.

Nevertheless, Phil never fully believed the stories he'd heard. He knew most people spoke with over exaggeration. But Phil also wasn't foolish enough to think all the stories were completely false. Every rumour had a basis. Phil knew there were stories of him out there as well. The name "Angel of Death" made Philza roll his eyes a little. Most people were rather surprised when they discovered how young he was, Wilbur was one of those people.

The young boy side glanced at his new ally. Technoblade's looks matched the stories. Techno most likely didn't get the chance to laugh off the nicknames- even if he wanted to.

Soon it was time to choose a location to spawn at. Technoblade had a plan: he'd create the Antarctic Empire, and slowly expand. Of course, he'd snag a volcano before too long as well. "We're going to Africa." He told the boy- Philza- as he selected the location.

Philza

Kidza

"Why Africa?" The boy asked curiously as he selected the continent. Techno looked at Phil, but didn't answer. He didn't want to give away his plans, so he waited for them to spawn into a new location. A jungle sort of biome. Once they spawned in, he checked that the boy wasn't, like, dead or anything. "Africa is supposed to have more diamonds." He said simply. The boy's eyes widened in what looked far too close to awe. Instead of the fear that Techno sees in the eyes of grown men and fierce warriors, this *child* looks at him as if he were some kind of hero.

Brave little shit

TECHNO BRAINNNN

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD

COUNCURE THE WORLD

Kidza kidza kidza kidza

"So we're going to colonize Africa so we can monopolize diamonds?" Phil questioned- which. . . made a lot of sense. Technoblade paused as he thought on that for a moment, but then shook his head. They have plenty of time to take over Africa. For now, they just needed to gather supplies. Antarctica would be one of the hardest places to start an Empire. It would also make their faction stronger because of that very reason. "We're grabbing supplies, then heading to Antarctica. That's

where we'll start." The hybrid explained. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the boy shiver at the mere thought. He couldn't help but let out a quiet snort of amusement. "Why Antarctica?" Philza questioned, tilting his head ever so slightly in genuine curiosity. Technoblade couldn't but picture a puppy as he observed the motion.

"Rumours of a strong hold." was his simple explanation. To Techno's pleasure, the teen seems to accept this fairly easily. "I'm going to make my way to Greenland. We can meet up at Antarctica." Phil says, face set in determination as he takes off before Techno has a chance to stop him. The Blood God huffs with a shake of his head. He's not Philza's keeper. Besides, those wings told him that the boy is clearly more capable than he looks. Techno ignored the voices hissing at him to call the boy back, instead heading to the volcano and collecting any resource that may be useful later. He couldn't help but be amazed at how quickly Chat has gotten attached to Philza.

Building our Empire

Chapter Notes

Thank you guys for the comments and kudos! I really appreciate all your support <3

Also: I apologise for any mistakes in grammar and/or spelling. I am dyslexic, and usually only write between 1 am to 7 am until I pass out lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

-So. . . apparently there's a few people planning on trying to kill me? I'm not quite sure why. Anyways! I'm trapped in a cave with a bunch of mobs trying to kill me, so I may be a while!-

Technoblade had just reached the stronghold when he received the private message from Philza. He could feel his eye twitch a little at the fact that there was already trouble brewing. Techno himself has been followed by some dude since he left Africa. Technoblade quickly sent an invite to the teen so he could join the Antarctic Empire's faction. Technoblade thought for a moment, contemplating how high he should promote the teen. In the end, he settled for giving him co-leader. He could always demote Philza if need be.

Rule the world together

LET CHAOS R A I N

Dictatorship

-You should be able to teleport home now-

The hybrid messaged. He waited a few moments, then Philza appeared in a flash of light- looking uttering bewildered and quite a bit awestruck. "THAT WAS SO COOL!" The boy whisper yelled, looking around as he spun in a full circle. Technoblade did *not* smile at the boy's antics.

"There's a guy that's been following me." The Blood God spoke, getting Phil's attention as he pointed to the man making his way up the mountain. "Oh! He's not with you?" Phil asked, his voice and expression laced with surprise.

Technoblade rolled his eyes, "Of course he's not with me. Let's two v one him." He said, a slight huff to his voice as he unsheathed his sword and began to climb his way down the mountain. Phil

stood up straighter, digging into his bag. "Ok, if we have enough time I can make a diamond sword-" Techno cut off Phil's sentence as he charged at the man who was trying to speak. It didn't matter what he said, Chat was screaming for blood. Philza rushed to his side, weaving around the two adults, avoiding getting in Techno's way while impeding the stranger's escape route.

Once there was an opening, Phil struck out with a fatal blow. Their opponent dissipated, and left behind were all the gear that was on their person. Technoblade and Chat were pleased with the victory so early in the server. Phil smiled as Techno collected what he deemed useful, the hybrid seemingly in high spirits. However Jmack words lingered in Philza's head, and he couldn't help the budding guilt and anxiety building up inside of him. "I actually feel kinda bad now." Phil spoke, shifting on his feet as he grabbed what Techno had left and began to follow Techno up the mountain. "He might have had good intentions, and we just straight up murdered him. . ."

Technoblade turned to face his new co-leader, pausing slightly as he took in the sincerity and guilt to the boy's words. He hated himself for not being able to stop his expression from softening ever so slightly. "He's fine, he'll respawn and be back on his feet in no time. Plus, that man had half diamond. I feel like his intent for peace only started when we began to outnumber him. Technoblade let out a silent sigh of relief as he heard Philza laugh, light hearted and genuine.

"Come on Philza, let's explore." The Blood God held his hand out to help the boy up, and they made their way into the stronghold.

It became apparent that there were a few good and bad points to their base almost immediately. To start off, there were a lot of drops that would mean instant death. Chat was yelling at Techno to keep Philza close, but the seemingly too soft and cheerful kid seemed intent on wandering off- and again, Techno wasn't the kid's parent. The half Piglin decided that Chat would have to settle for keeping an open link, so that Phil and Techno could communicate the entire time.

Of course- it's called an open link for a reason. Pete apparently wanted to check in. As Pete joined the link- mainly out of curiosity- he was greeted by a familiar voice. "Hey Pete!" Philza greeted, his voice full of a welcoming warmth that seemed far too soothing to belong to someone labelled the Angel of Death. "Hallo." Techno echoed in greeting, sounding quite a bit more awkward than his partner in crime.

Pete chuckled, shaking his head a little at the odd, but strangely complementary, pair. "I was just calling to check in, I heard that you two found a stronghold?" Before Techno could deny the older man's words,

He's going to come rob you

DoN't TrUsT hIm

Pete sus

WAR

Techno it's too soon you should explore and fortify first

"Yup! It's super cool, dude." Phil confirmed, oblivious to Technoblades facepalm at his overly trusting co-leaders quick response. Phil seemingly not even hesitating before he answered. "Cool. I'm in Iceland. . . it's. . . Iceland." Pete finished with a small chuckle, Philza chiming in with his own laughter. Hearing the kid laugh did an impressive job of nullifying Techno's annoyance and Chat's restlessness.

Technoblade continued to roam their base, listening to Pete and Philza chat while he did so. Their bantering brought a surprisingly soothing sort of peaceful atmosphere to the hybrid. He kept part of his attention on the white noise that was the back and forth between chaotic old man and shockingly sassy child. Occasionally tuning in to Chat- who seemed awfully amused by the bantering- and trying to find all the secrets of the structure.

Technoblade and Philza had found their ways down to the icy floor far below the stronghold structure. There didn't seem to be much of anything- other than hostile mobs.

The soothing atmosphere was interrupted when Techno heard Philza let out a quiet gasp, the half piglin feeling his heart seize momentarily as his entire being tensed. Technoblade felt like everything froze for a few seconds while he waited for Phil to speak up. "Techno, just be careful, mate. There are holes dropping to a second layer in the floor. Nearly just fell through."

Techno released a breath that he hadn't known he was holding, tension easing out of his shoulders, sagging a little in relief. "M'kay." He mumbled simply.

Chat wants Pete to join the Antarctic Empire. Technoblade doesn't want to think about how that's most likely due to the fact Philza seems to enjoy the grown man's childish behavior. The hybrid could admit that Pete had even pulled a few huffs of amusement from himself.

The half piglin didn't give Pete too much power. He wasn't willing to set such a chaotic soul loose in the name of the Antarctic Empire. Despite that, however, Techno knew that Pete would be useful *because* of his chaotic side. It was just a matter of figuring out the balance, and when to use him.

It didn't take long for Technoblade to become *extremely* grateful that Philza and Pete were on his team. Both of them did more than enough work to carry triple their weight. Pete was a dedicated and hard worker, and Philza was. . .

"Hah?. . . what the hell am I looking at??" The Blood God asked, speaking over the loud noise coming from the contraption. The thing that was magically making sugarcane out of thin air. Philza rubbed the back of his neck, shifting a little as he gave a half hearted shrug.

"It's a zero tick sugarcane farm. . .Sorry, I know it's pretty loud." The boy said as he shut off.

Technoblade looked at the boy, who wore a slightly apologetic smile and, not for the first time, just took him in. His messy but soft hair that almost reached his shoulders, a color that was between blonde and very light orange- depending on the lighting. Big, round, bright blue eyes. The boy claims he's 15, but Techno would've guessed 13 or 14 by his size. Then again his only reference was Tommy, who's 16 and taller than some adults. The teen always wore a hat, green and white stripes, and Japanese styled clothing. His wings were never hidden, showing their soft but sturdy feathers. A deep gray at the top of them that fades to a pure white at the bottom of the wings.

"A what now? I'm pretty sure this is just witchcraft." At Technoblade's words, Phil's eyes light up. The younger boy launches into an excited babble about how the machine works, and Techno watches the kid nerd out, titling his head down so that his skull mask hides the fond smile that

force's itself onto his face.

The Antarctic Empire slowly began to build. They gained a few allies, avoiding most wars and conflicts. They built up supplies, gained people, and expanded territory to places that had yet to be claimed. They built a capital, finding that the Stronghold was unsuitable for long term living. Their village grew, and Technoblade kept Pete out of trouble by keeping him busy with creating a bridge for quicker and more convenient travel through their land.

Pete had died quite a few times, which worried Philza and Techno a bit. Nobody knew how many respawns a person had on a server. Not unless the Gods of the server set a specific number and happen to tell you. Any death could be your last. And sometimes, you don't only die on the server. Sometimes you just don't respawn. It was a roll of the dice, and the entire thing was finicky. Technoblade himself had only died once- a misstep in the Stronghold that led to him falling several hundred feet to his death.

Philza was one of very few on the server who had yet to die. The kid continuing to impress Techno.

Technoblade and Philza were working on the castle together, Pete was outside organising their supplies that they had in the chest and smelting down iron and gold. It turned out that Phil was quite the builder, and was extremely efficient. The boy was currently nerding out about making an iron farm. Technoblade shook his head with a chuckle as he finally interrupted the kid.

"Where did you learn all this stuff?" He asked, watching as Philza seemed to completely freeze and go deadly silent.

Phil hadn't been prepared for the question. Memories came flooding back without his permission, and he just *froze*. Yes, he had good memories of his old hardcore server. His old home. But every time he thought of his old server, he remembered his death. He'd never died before. It hurt, mentally, physically, and emotionally. He didn't understand how everyone else seemed so *fine* with it. To this day he still panicked a little whenever he saw a baby zombie.

Philza felt himself spiralling into a panic, but then he felt a solid and heavy hand on his shoulder, and he looked up to see Technoblade frowning in what Phil knew was concern. Even if the skull mask hid his upper face.

Technoblade's presence offered Phil comfort, and he felt himself automatically relax. He was safe here.

That was the big thing. Phil knew that he was safe with Techno. The man was always kind- if a little aloof, socially awkward, broody and sarcastic. The hybrid had a dry sense of humour with a monotone way of speaking, and at first it was hard for Phil to separate when he was kidding and when he was serious. He was protective, and made sure his people were well taken care of. He was a fair ruler, and showed compassion to the people under his reigns.

He couldn't understand how he was the only one who seemed to be able to see this. The Blood God was a fuckin' softy. Yes, he's extremely skilled in combat and has a deadly intelligence. Yes, his tall and somewhat bulky frame alone, made it clear he could overpower most people with brute strength. And the skull with tusks that covered everything above the bottom of his nose added to the intimidation factor. Making Technoblade seem more like an enigma.

But what about Techno's floppy pig ears that showed how expressive he was? Like now, in Technoblade's concern the ears were flicked back ever so slightly. What about his long and soft pink hair that he let Philza practice braiding? What about the soft smiles he tries to hide- or the way he allowed his allies to take some of his things, even though Phil knew that Techno cared deeply for all of his possessions.

How could people call someone so good a monster? Phil would never understand it. But that's alright, because now Technoblade had Phil. And Phil would protect Technoblade and make sure he stayed happy- no matter what.

"Kid?" Techno's voice broke Phil out of his thoughts, and he shook his head. As if to dislodge himself from his own mind. The hybrid was still concerned, and Philza couldn't allow that. He flashed a reassuring smile to the Blood God, before he gave a small shrug. "I've been around, mate. Ya learn things wjen you're in hardcore mode." He replied, voice light as he went back to building their home.

If Technoblade wanted to rule the world, then Philza would see to it that the world submitted. If anyone deserved that much power, it was Techno.

Pete: hiya guys!

Chat: don't like him. Kill em. War.

Phil: ohhh hello my friend!

Chat:. . . Pete makes child happy. Pete is ours now. We love em.

Kidza: *breathes*

Technoblade: *clutches heart* must. Protect. Child.

Technoblade: * breathes*

Kidza: . . . i will fight anyone to ensure this man's safety and happiness.

Tommy, you can't kill Phil

Chapter Notes

Again, thank you guys for all your comments and kudos! I'm grateful for the love and support, and your comments are amazing. Y'all are awesome

Out of curiosity, is there anything you guys would like to see in this story? Any specific interactions or situations? I'd love to hear any ideas you guys have to make this story better!

Also, do you guys want these small and prettt regular updates, or bigger chapters and slower updates?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It had been a few weeks since the server started, and the Antarctic Empire was pretty pog. They discovered that the Stronghold was a shit base, considering no mobs could spawn there. It put a kink in several of Philza's plans. It goes without saying he was happy when Technoblade picked a better spot to build the capital- and thus their home.

Phil was pretty happy with how quickly they were gaining power, but he could tell that Technoblade was getting restless. The king- they had settled on just calling Techno the king and Philza the prince for simplicity's sake- kept mentioning how there was bound to be a world war soon. All they could do was make sure they're as prepared as possible.

Phil had been able to snag a few elytras and shulker boxes. He'd also watched their village slowly form. There were a few kye people he'd grown especially attached to- though he tried to speak to everyone as much as he could. Bad was a pretty nice guy, he backed a lot and took care of the library. He also scolded Phil for swearing a lot. It was nice, Philza had never had someone to scold him for something like manners and bad words.

Dream could be pretty intimidating at times, but he was a pretty nice guy overall. He taught Philza a few tricks on speed running, and in exchange Phil taught him how to make a few farms. He was pretty enjoyable company. He wore a mask all the time like Techno as well, but he seemed a lot more charismatic than the socially awkward King.

Dream spoke of his best friends quite a bit, George and Sapnap. Unfortunately neither of them were on the server, and Phil could tell that Dream got lonely.

Technoblade got lonely as well, Philza could tell. Sometimes he would catch the man brooding and

mumbling to himself. Techno also had a tendency to do things by himself when he should share the load- Philza thinks that he forgets that he has people willing to help. So Phil stays within his vicinity during all his free time- if he's not social networking or working on a project, he was keeping the King company. Techno was slowly getting better with accepting Philza's help. The hybrid still tries to leave him out when he goes on a mission he deems dangerous: but he usually caves with the promise that Phil will keep a God Apple on him at all times.

Technoblade was an observant guy, and Phil could tell he wanted to question him more on his hardcore run. There was no way that Techno *didn't* notice how Phil would join him in Techno's bedroom at odd hours of the night, curling up in a bed that doesn't belong to him and isn't used, yet soft and clean and warm, while the older man worked at his desk. Technoblade never commented. And when Philza knew he wouldn't be able to sleep, or was too shaken up to even want to try, Technoblade didn't say a word when he pulled up a chair beside the half piglin's desk, wrapped in his own wings and a blanket.

Technoblade would accept the silence, and not pry, because he knew Philza would speak when he was ready.

In return, Phil wouldn't pry Techno for answers either. Because Technoblade is always awake and working when the teen wanders into his room in the early hours of the morning, when the rest of the world is sleeping. And Technoblade never removes his mask, armour only coming off to be cleaned and cared for. Because Technoblade always had that look when he speaks to his allies, the expectation that they'll inevitably betray him. And he always looked so panicked when he perceived Philza to be in danger, but never even flinched when he had an arrow sticking out of his chest.

They silently observe each other, taking mental notes and offering comfort and an ear without speaking a word. Philza knew that he'd talk about things with Technoblade some day. And he would be patient and wait for the half piglin to do the same with him. For now, though, they were content with coexistence and unwavering silent support.

- Tommy has paid you 2000 dollars.-

-I've been paid to kill Philza. I apologise in advance.-

Technoblade felt his eye twitch as the message hovered in his vision. Surely the loud blond wasn't that stupid. He dismissed the message, sitting up straight from where he'd been slumped over his desk. He'd been working on the smoothest strategy for world domination, and he must have fallen asleep. So far, the ally he can most likely rely on most is Florida. The alliance he held with Wilbur

had great potential, the young man seemed to have a fairly steady friendship with Philza, but Wilbur seemed to have a pretty strict moral code.

Suddenly, Technoblade was broken out of his contemplation by the door swinging open. Techno whipped his head around quickly, a glare settling on his face when he saw that it was a breathless Pete. Before the piglin could yell at his General- a title that was quickly granted to him once their army began to grow- the older man explained himself.

"Tommy is on his way to assassinate Philza." He said in a rush, speaking in one breath. Technoblade felt a growl bubble out of his throat, and he swiftly stood up. He wasted no time in grabbing his blood red cape from the back of his chair, grabbing his enchanted diamond sword and beefed up crossbow as he walked out of his room. He didn't need to look back to know that Pete was following at his heels. Techno shot a message to his co-leader as he made his way through the castle.

-Where are you?-

-Philza; library-

-Philza; what's up?-

Technoblade doesn't respond. Instead he throws open the castle doors and exits. "Where is he coming from?" the king asked, and Pete paused. The General had that familiar far away look on his face, letting Techno know that he was currently messaging one of his soldiers. "He's on the bridge. Dream has his sights on him, ready to fire on your command." Pete said, motioning with a nod to the unfinished bridge. Technoblade shakes his head, "No. I'll take care of him myself."

-Philza; Tommy is coming?-

Techno cursed at the message. No doubt that it was Bad who had informed the Prince. He'd have to make this quick.

"IT'S NOT PERSONAL!! TECHNO! TECHNO, PLEASE! I PAID YOU!" The 16 year old

screached as Technoblade shot at him.

"Oh yeah, because I'd just let you kill the Antarctic Empire's co-leader for money." The hybrid growled, aiming another poisoned arrow at the teen. Tommy got out a *gun* , just as Technoblade spotted Philza approaching. The hybrid ignored the loud gunshots, letting the arrow loose, and grinning as Tommy fell dead. The boy's body soon despawned, leaving behind his things.

Techno pAiN

Poor Tommy

WAR

WAR

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD

fOr kIdZa

"Techno!" Phil shouted, clearly trying very hard to look cross with the man, but the laughter forcing itself out of his throat made it very hard for Techno to not flash the kid a grin. "What?" He asked, as if he hadn't done anything. Phil rolled his eyes, looking through Tommy's stuff. "You just killed a broke kid. He was *actually* poor." The boy huffed, voice sounding exasperated, but a soft smile on his face as he created a crafting table, and made a few chests. Technoblade watched fondly as Philza placed all of Tommy's items into the chest for the other teen to grab. Techno would've preferred to keep all of it. Even if it is useless.

"He was going to assassinate you. I feel no remorse." The piglin hybrid shrugged.

-(public) Tommy: it wasn't personal-

Technoblade let out a low growl at the message, seriously contemplating hunting that little shit down and slaughtering him again. Philza, however, let out a quiet chuckle and shook his head fondly. A small and comforting hand squeezing Techno's arm in a gentle and soothing gesture. "That's just Tommy for ya, mate. So fuckin' chaotic." The blue eyed boy spoke, clear amusement to his words.

- (public) *Philza: come get your stuff mate, we put it in a chest-*

That was probably the moment that Technoblade realised a few things. First thing being, Philza was far too trusting and forgiving. He was too nice to ever hold a grudge, at least not a legitimate one. Normally people like that made Technoblade irritated with their naivety. But with Philza, he wasn't naive. Techno knew he wasn't. This kid *chose* to give everyone his trust and treat them with kindness. And Technoblade would do anything to keep it that way.

The other thing was that Technoblade wouldn't just die for this kid. He'd live for him. This could ask for anything, and Technoblade would be fucking helpless to refuse. This cheeky, sassy, cheerful little ball of kindness has somehow gotten the blood god wrapped around his scrawny little pinky.

Awww techno soft

Kidza is baby

LMAO

Suckerrrr

Techno had grown far too soft in just the few weeks sense he'd met Philza. The Blood God had been ready to declare war on Tommy, even Wilbur backing him up after he'd heard about how the little shit *not only* tried to assassinate Philza for a few diamond, but also broke their bridge when he came to get all his stuff back.

He broke like 5 blocks

Techno WEAK

Awww big ol' softie Techno

The piglin growled at the mocking voices in his head, receiving a concerned head tilt from his late night- well technically early morning- companion sitting in a chair beside him. It was around four in the morning, and Techno was running on three days without sleep. Phil looked like he was in the same boat, periodically stifling his yawns and shaking his head in an attempt to shake out his sleepiness.

Techno was trying to figure out what to do with the loud blond nuisance that kept talking absolute shit. War was his instinct, bully the teen into submission. But Philza had promptly informed him that war and bully tactics were unacceptable.

..-.-.-

*Philza gave a glare to Technoblade, though it looked more like a pout than anything else, and the hybrid had to actively suppress his laughter at how absurd this must look. The scruffy haired kid has to **look up**, craning his neck to scold a piglin hybrid that's **three times** his size. However, laughing at the situation was out of the question- Techno didn't want to upset the child even more than he seemed to be.*

"He's a kid! He's got several enemies already and his allies have been turning on him left and right!" The kid huffed indignantly. The pig had to mentally restrain himself from pointing out that Tommy had so many enemies because he scammed everyone. And bullied the few people that are weaker than his faction.

*"And?" Techno asked, voice and face completely deadpan. Philza rolled his eyes, crossing his arms, straightening his posture and puffing up his chest as if to make himself seem bigger. It was absolutely adorable. "He needs a hug, not a war. . . and maybe a stern talking to. . . I'm adopting him." The **child** declared, seeming full of determination and finality, and Technoblade couldn't stop the snort no matter how hard he tried. He had to take a moment to recuperate and process what Phil had just said to him.*

"You're. . . adopting a 16 year old." He spoke slowly, thinking that maybe hearing it back would make the absurdity of this entire situation click in the winged kids mind.

*Philza gave a firm nod, "I adopted you, and it's gone pretty well so far." He informed. Technoblade definitely did **not** choke on air.*

..-.-.-

War was no longer an option, but Techno couldn't just let Business Bay continue on with it's

destructive path. Tommy had tried to *murder* Philza. As said boy let out yet another yawn, and Techno felt himself suppressing his own in response, he finally stood up. Techno stretched his arms above his head, hearing his spine pop. "Alright, kid. Bedtime." Technoblade gave Phil no time to object, simply grabbing the kid and placing him on his hip. A deep chuckle resonated in the hybrids chest at the yelp the boy let out, before Phil reflexively wrapped his scrawny arms around technos shoulders to help support his weight.

Not that the kid weighed nearly enough in Techno's opinion. The hybrid had been trying to put meat on Philza's bones, with very slow and mild success. Techno shook those thoughts from his head as he carried the kid to his bed. He mentally groaned at how much of a mother he had become. Techno dropped the boy onto the bed, feeling his lips quirk into a faint smile at Phil's giggles as the youngster bounces a little on the springy bed. The hybrid climbed into bed, pulling the copious amounts of soft blankets over them both as Philza nuzzles into his side.

Philza often sought out warmth, seeming to have a sort of aversion to the cold. He also seemed painfully touch starved, always seeking physical affection and comfort. And Technoblade was completely fine with that, because if he were being honest with himself- which he's really not- he's a bit touch starved as well. Just a little.

So Techno allowed Phil to try and borrow himself into his side, and he wrapped an arm around his kids shoulder to keep him close. He closed his eyes, and listened to the boys breathing slowly even out as Phil fell asleep. Listening to the boys soft snores, and feeling his kid safely tucked into his side- away from all danger, he let himself drift off to a dreamless sleep.

He could deal with Tommy tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy: yooo, big T! I'mma just murder your child real quick, cool? Ok, thanks bro!

Techno: wha- I'm literally gonna kill you.

Kidza: oh, you wanna kill me? . . . how about I adopt you instead.

Techno: . . . Phil. Phil, please. You're a child. You can't adopt a ticking time bomb of chaos.

Kidza: why not? I adopted a Blood God.

Techno: I-

Techno: *cuddles the child while haveing an internal realization that he's screwed*

Sickza/ that one filler chapter

Chapter Notes

Alright, so I'm kinda sick. Well, I'm fine rn, but it's getting worse. Unfortunately this means I won't be posting for a while, and this is kind of a filler so it's extremely short, but I wanted to give you guys something before i leave for a few days!

You guys are all awesome, and your comments and support are absolutely amazing! My head's been killing me, so I apologise that I haven't been able to respond to most of your comments, but the second my head aches chill, I'll respond and probably give you guys at least two chapters at once to make up for my absence.

Thanks for all the love and support! ♥

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Philza had been acting off all day. Technoblade had held a meeting with all of his military council to discuss their upcoming relations with Business Bay. Techno was hoping that he'd be able to get Tommy to sign a peace treaty, and see if that was enough for Phil. But the kid was unusually silent throughout the meeting, and looked like he was only half awake. The biggest reaction he showed the entire time was throwing a half hearted glare when Dream suggested they destroy Tommy's home as punishment.

After the meeting, Phil had scurried off before Techno could try to speak with him. He didn't see his kid for the rest of the day. That alone caused the hybrid to feel more stressed than he had in awhile. Phil was a sweet kid, so he spent a lot of time just checking up on people. And he spent at least a solid five hours a day just keeping Techno company, and offering to help whenever he could.

The king asked around, and apparently *nobody* had seen their mini dictator sense the meeting. The only thing that stopped the blood god from going on a man hunt, was the occasional link where Philza would confirm that he's alright. According to the teen, he was just mining in some cave system.

That night, like most, Philza was finally in the same room again. However, his kid didn't even pause as he climbed into bed and hid himself in the covers, seemingly going straight to sleep. Which was not normal. If the boy wasn't pulling up a chair to sit beside him while he looked at maps and created strategies for every occasion, then he was just staring at him. If Philza wanted to sleep, he'd sit on Technoblade's bed, and just stare at the back of the piglin's head until Technoblade gave in and went to sleep with him.

He never went to bed without making sure that Techno at least laid down. At least not since he figured out that staring trick of his. Technoblade wasn't sure what he was supposed to do, was his kid mad at him or something? Did Phil want them to ally with Business Bay instead of being neutral? He heaved a heavy sigh, and decided to carefully climb into bed. He'd let future Technoblade worry about it.

Technoblade woke up feeling extremely warm, which shouldn't be right because he was the ruler of the *Antarctic Empire*. As he began to become more alert, he realised that most of the excessive heat was coming from the tiny human ball that was curled into his side. He frowned a little, reaching out a hand to feel his kid's forehead- only to yank it back, eyes widening at the fever Phil had apparently contracted.

He quickly sat up, looking the boy over with distressed concern. Phil was extremely pale, except for his cheeks which had a bit of a flush. The prince looked exhausted, even though he was still asleep. Technoblade carefully climbed all the way out of bed, looking around the room as he paced. He wasn't sure what he was supposed to be looking for. He hadn't ever really gotten *sick*. Let alone had to take care of a sick child.

Physical injuries? He could deal with. Clean, gapple, maybe potion, and bandage. Someone attacking be it emotionally, mentally, or physically? Punch them in the face, most likely run them through with a sword. Easy. But *how* do you fix something you can't even touch? Techno felt his chest rumble with a deep growl when his boy let out a quiet whine. This was *so* not Techno's area.

Pete.

He was an old dude, he'd know what to do. The hybrid spammed the link to his General, and after two minutes the man finally cut off his spam with a simple '*on my way*'

The second Technoblade heard a knock, he flung the door open and yanked Pete inside. "Fix him." He growled threateningly, before he began to pace the room once more, arms crossed over his broad chest and eyes never straying from the boy sleeping in his bed for more than a moment. If Pete hadn't put so much time in learning his Kings mannerisms, he'd think the piglin hybrid was angry. However, Pete could easily understand that it was actually probably a mixture of concern, fear, and maybe even just a *little* bit of helplessness. Of course, all converged into anger, because **The Blade.**

Pete carefully approached Philza, who seemed to be caught in a fitful and deep sleep. He made

sure to project his movements, not really being awake enough for Technoblade's paranoid and over protective mind to conceive him as a threat to the kid. He carefully sat on the edge of the bed, right beside the young lad, and frowned when he felt the boys forehead, letting out a quiet and sympathetic sigh. "Feels like a pretty high fever. I'll get some supplies and wake up our village healer. You just-" Pete was already standing and moving to the other side of the room, pulling the desk chair to it's new spot at the boys' bedside.

"-sit here. . ."He carefully shepherd the Piglin towards the seat, raising an eyebrow when the man seemed to just stand in front of the chair, starring down at the kid. He huffed a little, gently pushing on Technoblades shoulders to lower the younger man into the chair. ". . .and. . .there we go. I'll be back."

As much as Tech, loathe to admit it, he was helpless in this situation. He couldn't do anything but sit in his stupid chair, and watch Philza as the boy suffefered. He kept a suspicious and wary eye on the healer as she fretted over the unconscious boy. He stood as The elderly and soft lady began to pack her equipment away. "What's wrong with my boy? Is he-" Technoblade felt his very being stop working for a moment. When had Techno began to think of Phil as *his boy* instead of *the boy* ? How had he not noticed? That was . . . a thing. Technoblade shook that thought out of his head, he didn't have time to have that kind of introspection. He tuned back in as the lady hummed, "He's just caught a cold, it's going around. Make sure he gets plenty of sleep, and keep him hydrated. Try to get him to keep food down, some light soup would be your safest bet. If his temperature gets too high, just fetch me." She spoke, giving clear instructions on how to keep Phil's fever down.

The village healer said a week, Phil would be as good as new in a week. The relief caused the piglin to collapse into the chair the second he was alone with Philza. His upper body was slumped face down in the bed as he felt all of the tension ease out of his body. Phil was alright. *His boy was fine.*

TECHNODAD

Jsncoabewu

Poor sickza

Techno huffed at Chat, rolling his eyes a little. "Shut up, Chat. You started this." He grumbled a little. Only to startle a little when he felt a tiny hand, gently petting his head in a soothing massage. The Hybrid looked up to see a half awake Philza looking at him with half lidded and exhausted

eyes, those bright blues filled with concern as the child looked into Technoblade's own crimson orbs. Phil could hardly keep his eyes open, and yet he was putting what little energy he had in trying to comfort the Blood God, showing so much concern, as if Technoblade was the sick one. Techno felt himself huff a little, gently pulling the little hand out of his hair and holding it in his. *This fucking kid is gonna be the death of me*, he finds himself thinking.

"How are ya feelin', kid?" The Blade asked quietly, watching as the teen shifts a little as he shrugs lazily.

"Gross and sweaty." was the mumbled response that Techno received, and he felt a deep chuckle rumble through his chest at the response.

Phil would be fine. But until then, he would just have to let Technoblade dote on him a little.

Chapter End Notes

Kidza: *catches cold*

Techno: oh god, my kid's gonna die and-. . . wait. . . holy shit, i have a son- Chat what have you done?

Kidza: *looks around* who are you talking to? *shows concern*

Techno: *looks into the camera* I will die for my son. Come at 'em grim reaper, I'll punch your face in.

Family Expansion

Chapter Notes

Hi guys! Thank you guys so much for your understanding and concern, you're all seriously awesome and the support you've all given is astounding! I'm still sick unfortunately, and may be visiting the hospital for a while soon, so i wanted to post what I've been able to work on so you guys have something! Again, thank you guys so much for all the love and support, you guys all deserve the world♥

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This was just getting sad now. Tommy had declared war on Techno, and the older man had made the mistake of preparing for a 1 v 5. You know, because he figured Tommy's allies would help him. . . he's killed Tommy like 4 times already, and now the kid was practically begging him to walk into his blatantly obvious trap.

"Please, Techno. Just- just get in the pit." The teen pleaded, claiming it was harmless. Philza, who was watching the interaction from a few feet away and leaning on Techno's plane, sighed as he shook his head.

"Tommy, you've got to stop this shit, mate." the youngest spoke, sounding extremely tired. Technoblade bit down on his instinct to scold him for swearing, shaking his head a little as he put away his bow in favor of getting out his sword. Phil still hadn't fully recovered from his little cold, so he didn't quite have full stamina. It was best to finish this quickly so they could head back home. That in mind, he tried pushing the kid into his own trap. "Wha- nO! TECHNO! You go in it, not me!" The boy screeched, making the piglin roll his eyes. "You sounded pretty panicked there Tommy."

People from different factions began to show up, and it wasn't long before everyone was going against Tommy. Philza sighed as he sat beside Techno, who was joining in with his own taunts at the older teen, throwing random and useless items as Tommy tried to speak. Phil couldn't even blame everyone, Tommy just didn't know when to give up. Then again, Techno *had* illegally traded with Tommy's villagers.

In Phil's opinion, this entire thing had gone on for far too long. It was getting late, and Philza was tired as hell. Everyone had gotten their fighting in, and nobody was going to be letting Tommy speak anytime soon. Phil had just the solution to end this quickly. "Tommy, if you don't hurry up, i will literally set off an air strike." He spoke, face stoic with his threat as he pulled out the destination device. There was a tense moment of silence, before everyone not allied with the

Antarctic began to get nervous.

Technoblade stared at Phil, eyes wide in disbelief. Philza. Sweet, overly caring, passionately selfless Philza. That *same person* . . . was cold heartedly threatening to *air strike* the same person he had 'adopted'. Technoblade felt a little guilty at the swell of pride in his chest. He definitely shouldn't want to *reward* his kid for threatening what could be a miniature mass murder. But, at the same time. . . Phil was showing he wasn't to be messed with.

Tommy clearly started to panic a little, and without any more warning, Philza made good on his threat. Everyone not allied with the Antarctic Empire ran for it, trying to save themselves. Technoblade cackled at the screams, the pride and affection he felt for the teen only growing. Phil, amidst the chaos that he had caused, let out a yawn. The kid tiredly leaning against the sturdy shoulder of The Blade, who's cackles had died down to quiet chuckles. "Dude! Now I get the whole Angel of Death thing. Philza is hella scary." Sneeg laughed, shaking his head a little.

Techno raised an eye at their ally, before turning his curious gaze to the blonde resting against his side, Phil's eyes closed as he seemed to be half dozing- as if nothing had just happened. "When did you get the money for an airstrike?" The hybrid asked. Phil hummed, waving the adult off a bit as he spoke, "I've got a shulker box full of 'em, mate." He mumbled sleepily. The remaining survivors stared at the teen, who seemed to have fully drifted to sleep during the stunned silence.

Bruhhehhh

Mini frickin badass

Killza killza killza

E

E

EEEE

". . . Your kid is kinda scary, Techno. Like, what are you teaching him?" Sylvee spoke, nervous laughter evident in her voice. Techno was a little thrown off, hearing someone else call Philza his kid. In a way, that made it feel more official. Other people saw Phil as his ward, other people saw

it as Technoblade's responsibility to teach and care for something so *fragile and easy to mess up*. He didn't know how to teach anyone morals, he was probably the most morally grey person on the server. Oh Gods, Technoblade was gonna fuck up big time, and Phil was going to grow up to despise him for it, wasn't he?

Technoblade's worry quickly devolved into a spike of extreme anger, Techno had to take Phil under his wing (metaphorical wing of course- Phil was the only person on the server that did) because nobody else had. Nobody had even interfered when the **kid** was taken away by the *Blood God*. They didn't know how he was going to treat Phil, and there were bound to be at least a few people smart enough to assume his intentions weren't good. He sure as hell would have assumed the worst, had he been an observer to someone with his reputation dragging a child to the *middle of nowhere*.

And that's when another realisation hit him. Why Philza might feel a need to 'adopt' Tommy. Tommy was only a year older than Phil, even though that fact can be easy to forget due to Tommy's height, confidence, and surprising potential with physical combat. But when you really think about it, Philza and Tommy have many similarities. Tommy was a *kid*. And he had nobody to take care of him. Nobody can teach him to use his inside voice, and not scam people. Nobody showed him the importance of making a well thought out plan before heading into battle. Nobody was stepping up to guide Tommy.

And Philza was an observant and selfless little brat. Phil knew what it was like, being young and not having anyone on your side. Having to teach yourself and learn the hard way as you go through life, because the adults *failed to step up*. Both of these kids have been failed by adults their entire lives. And that pissed Technoblade off to no end.

Sylvee cleared her throat nervously, "uhmm, Technoblade?" Techno was snapped out of thoughts, glaring at the girl. She startled, backing away a little bit. Sneeg stepped in, trying to ease the sudden tension. "We should link Tommy, make the treaty for him to sign. He obviously lost the war pretty hard." He chuckled quietly.

Technoblade would have laughed along and agreed with the man, had he not realised how messed up the situation was literally just two seconds ago. Now, however, he can't restrain his growl. Damn Phil, getting Technoblade so attached that he looks deeper into everything. "He lost because nobody bothered to *help him* ." He said, voice low and dangerous. Sylvee looked affronted, but Technoblade cut her off, "I know you tried. Good job not being a total piece of trash.

Some guy frowned- Technoblade didn't know his name, and quite frankly didn't care. . . but he was 90 percent sure that he was *allied* with Tommy. "He refused help, he didn't want it." He said, crossing his arms in defense. Before Techno could speak, he heard an extremely quiet huff come from the boy on his side. "He's used to doing everything alone. He wants to prove he's capable. He doesn't know how to accept help from people." Philza says, sitting up just long enough to give all

the adults stern looks- many of them not even able to hold eye contact with the child.

The teen then lets out a quiet yawn, standing up as he rubs his eyes with his fists. Technoblade has to physically restrain himself from *cooing* when Phil looks him dead in the eyes, face serious as can be, and makes fucking *grabby hands* . **This kid. . .**

Sleepy child

I will protect this child with my life

Are we just gonna ignore that this kid has nukes????

Lmao

Technoblade ignored the voices, instead standing up and lifting his kid to rest comfortably on his hip. He definitely did not melt when Philza nuzzled into his side and seemed to fall asleep instantly. He would never understand how such a breakable and kind creature could put so much faith in The Blood God. It'd be so easy to accidentally drop Phil- and oh gods, he really shouldn't be thinking like that.

"Tommy doesn't have to sign anything. We're neutral as far as I'm concerned. This pot was a good idea, it may have worked with a little fine tuning. He'd be a more valuable ally then enemy." Techno said, voice low and deep with an underlying threat.

Technoblade felt his steps faltering as he spotted the tell tail fluttering of large wings. He glanced out the window, freezing up when he saw Philza facing off against Tommy, both teens wielding swords of stone in the spacious backyard. Logically, Techno knew that his son could handle himself- and at this point Techno is just embracing the fact that he sees the prince as his own child. However, despite the fact that Technoblade has been trying to stuff the kid like a pig-

Techno PIG

For once the pig is stuffing the human

Philza was still just a scrawny little thing. Tommy may be thin, but he's pretty tall for his age and easily dwarfs the other teen. Despite only being a year older. Mentally, he knew that Tommy stood pretty much no chance against the younger boy. Emotionally? He saw little philza facing off against a lanky feral beast.

Techno rushed down the stairs and out the door.

Phil laughed as Tommy landed flat on his back with a loud grunt and small wheeze. Tommy kept hyper fixating on Phil's sword, it was too easy to continuously swipe his feet out from under him. "STOP THAT, YOU LITTLE SHIT!" the loud teen screeched, only making the younger boy's laughter grow louder. Phil had to hug his sides as he doubled over from the pain of laughing so hard.

The winged boy had used the same exact move to successfully take Tommy down six times in a row now. "It's not funny! Fight me like a man!" As Tommy spoke, pushing himself off the ground, it only seemed to send the shorter boy into a deeper fit of amusement. Philza was now completely doubled over on his hands and knees, one arm just barely holding himself up from face planting, while the other squeezed his aching ribs. The boy wasn't even laughing at this point, having devolved into full on wheezing.

Tommy sat back down beside the younger boy, rolling his eyes as the kid nearly went blue in the face. "It wasn't *that* funny. I know I'm bloody hilarious, but breathe." He grumbled, but couldn't help grinning at the boy on the ground. The ruler of Business Bay tensed as The Blade came barreling towards them, shouting a panicked sounding, "PHILZA!" As he knelt beside the wheezing teen. Who had given up on keeping himself off the ground and was simply laying on his back and clutching his sides with both arms.

The Blade must've registered the situation as Philza being injured, because the adult was *softly cooing*, gently trying to remove Phil's arms from where they were tightly wrapped around his own stomach, and over all showing *genuine human concern*. This was **The Blade**. Tommy could only stare, slack jawed as he watched the most dangerous hybrid on the server act so. . . *human*.

Technoblade was cursing internally as he tried to assess what had happened. Phil was wheezing on the ground, tears in his eyes, and clutching his stomach with both hands. At first Techno had feared that Tommy ran him through with his sword, but he couldn't see or smell any blood. "Phil, Philza, buddy. You've gotta tell me what's wrong, can you do that?" He spoke softly, trying to keep the panic down and think logically. Philza shook his head, but as Techno carefully kept trying to pry the kid's death grip from his stomach, Philza began to regain his breath. Seemingly calming down.

Phil's grip became slack, and his wheezing and gasping began to . . . turn into chuckles. . .

Techno groaned internally, Phil was laughing excessively. Techno should have guessed, the boy had a knack for laughing a lot at the smallest of things. Philza laughing until he couldn't breathe seemed like a very likely occurrence, and Techno guessed that this probably wouldn't be the last time this happens. The piglin hybrid let out a sigh of relief. He watched the kid, slowly regaining his composure, with a tiny smirk of fondness. He resisted the not so sudden urge to reach out and ruffle the blonde's hair, and mess up his choppy soft mess he called hair.

Techno reflexively snapped his head up, entire body tension as he heard an awkward throat clear. He'd almost completely forgotten that Tommy was even there. "What the fuck was that??" The older teen asked, and Techno didn't intend to dignify him with a response. Instead, he flashed the boy a half-hearted glare, before he picked Philza up and gently threw him over his shoulder. He began to carry the child inside like a sack of potatoes, trying not to smile as the kid began laughing again- albeit more restrained- after yelping an indignant sound.

"You were just sick, and now you were playing outside with a feral raccoon? Are you actively *trying* to send me to an early grave?" The piglin spoke, trying to aim for a scolding voice. Somehow, with Philza, he could never quite hit the mark of stern. Nevertheless, the teen let out a quiet sigh, going limp over Techno's shoulder. "'M sorry, mate. He just seemed like he needed some company that didn't involve a political aspect." He mumbled quietly. Techno couldn't help but huff a little, but before he could speak, he felt Philza perk up. He could feel the sudden bout of energy and hear the grin in his voice as he spoke with confidence, "Plus! Technoblade never dies!" He cheered.

Techno really needed to figure out how to get this kid to chill with his ability to continuously warm his previously cold heart.

"Can we keep him?"

Technoblade blinked rapidly. He'd just woken up, having fallen asleep at his desk for the first time in quite a while. Philza hadn't come to put him to bed last night. . . which, ok. Techno should probably start trying to reverse that habit. Philza seems to still think that he can and has adopted people older than himself.

He looked at Philza, who appears to have not slept at all last night, and was absolutely drenched. Wrapped in his kids feathers and trying to hide from sight while clinging to Philza, was a . . . boy? Some kind of hybrid. The kid was even more lanky than Tommy, and Techno had to force down a chuckle at the fact that this kid was almost as tall as Techno, and was trying to hide behind a kid barely half his size.

"What?" Technoblade asked, hoping Phil wasn't going to say what Technoblade suspects. Philza straightened, again straightening his posture, puffing up his chest, and tilting his chin up to look bigger. . . the same as he'd done when he declared that he was 'adopting Tommy'.

"This is Ranboo. I found him. He's mine now, I'm adopting him." He said, and like last time, gave a firm nod. As if to confirm his own decision. Techno felt himself blink. Still groggy from sleep. The tall teen behind Phil seemed to cling to the smaller boy a little tighter, then Techno heard a familiar sound. The sounds endermen make. So the kid was an enderman hybrid.

Philza gave the older man no time to rebuttal, instead gently guiding the larger teen to Technoblade's bed, "You can sleep here for now Ranboo, tomorrow we'll work on making you your own room!" Phil said, mentioning for the younger hybrid to lay down on the right side of the bed, before he crawled in to lay in the middle. Philza then turned and stared at Techno, that look that said 'come on, time for bed.' And made Techno helpless to not obey. As he climbed into bed, now much more crowded with three people instead of two, the piglin hybrid gave a quiet huff.

He really needed to figure out how to say no to his kid. He woke up to Tommy being in his bed, he'd have to sit down and have a chat with the little brat. He glanced over to Phil, who was already asleep, still in his wet clothes which made the Hybrid frown. But Techno didn't have the heart to wake him, Philza had looked dead on his feet. Then his eyes wandered to the enderboy. The teen was also asleep, his long limbs clinging to the smaller boy in a protective hold. Philza nuzzled into the younger hybrid, and Techno knew.

This Ranboo may be a big question mark, but he was a kid. And if Philza brought him here, it meant that he needed help. Plus, he may not know what happened, but he could tell that the teens were already attached. The King looked away from the two boys, looking up at the ceiling instead.

"Well, Chat. I think our little family has just been expanded." He whispered, closing his eyes and

ignoring the cries of Technodad from chat.

Chapter End Notes

Kidza: *drags home an Enderboy* I've adopted another one.

Ranboo: *confused but happy to cuddle*

Techno: *sighs* Phil. . . we've talked about this.

Kidza: yeah. I've adopted a blood good and a feral raccoon. I can handle and anxious Enderbaby.

Techno: wha-

Philza: Time for bed, kids. C'mon, off we go.

Philza NO-

Chapter Notes

In my time zone, this is the second chapter today xD to make up for the long break lmao.

And as always, thank you all for your support and comments! You guys leave amazing comments that never fail to give me serotonin♥

Some of you have awesome ideas that I absolutely adore, and I am planning to incorporate them into the story- i will of course give credit when I do! If I can't fit it into this story, best believe I'll make another story for it to fit into!

To the people who have LITERALLY commented on every chapter, i see you. And thank you, you guys are awesome. Seriously, I might cry.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Philza was building the iron farm for the Empire when he heard an enderman nearby. That was odd, considering it was sprinkling a bit. Endermen were extremely allergic to water. Philza was never one to deny his curiosity, so he followed the sound. He soon found a creeper hole, and inside it was a young boy. He seemed to be shaking in pain, trying to shield himself from the light drizzle.

Phil felt his heart ach for the Hybrid, and he quickly jumped down the hole. He extended his wing over the teen, keeping him dry as he kept a soft and reassuring smile on his face. "Hey, buddy. I'm Philza, where are you from?" He asked, keeping his voice quiet so he didn't startle the boy. When the kid finally looked up, eyes heterochromia, he could see fear growing as he replied. "I don't remember, I-I . . . where am I?" He mumbled, seeming to fall into a deeper panic.

Philza made soft shushing noises and shuffled a little closer to the panicking boy. "Can I give you a hug, mate?" He asked, waiting for the teen to give a shaky nod, before he tucked his wings and arms around the boy's lanky frame, shielding him from the rest of the world in a protective bubble. "It's alright, I'm here. It's alright. You're in the Antarctic Empire. Do you remember your name?" He asked, softly tapping out a small pattern on the hybrid's back, giving the other teen something to focus on.

The enderboy nodded as he clung to the smaller teen, sniffing a little. "Ranboo." He answered quietly, only to flinch violently when it began to full on downpour, and a loud crack of thunder rumbled through the sky. Philza kept up a gentle and soothing cooing, not pausing in his pattern. "Alright, Ranboo. You're alright. Let's getcha home and warm you up." He said, offering the shaky teen a reassuring smile. The enderman hybrid nodded, and began following the boy without question or hesitation.

Having both Philza *and* Ranboo around the Empire was definitely making the place more lively. Ranboo had grown a habit of following the younger boy around everywhere, and Philza had taken to teaching the boy new tricks on how to survive on his own. Ranboo was apparently 17, and seemed to suffer from memory loss. He often forgets things, and occasionally will remember different things. The lanky little shit also seemed to have pretty bad anxiety, and was socially awkward. Which, yeah Techno could relate to.

The teen was nearly as tall as Techno blade already, and the piglin hybrid could predict that soon he wouldn't be the tallest of their makeshift family. He was a bit nervous on what would happen if Ranboo started putting on some muscle. As of niw, the kid was a fucking noodle. But, he'd been training with Phil, and had shown an interest in learning combat from Techno. The older hybrid was waiting for the inevitable day when he just asked.

At the moment, though, Ranboo was sitting in Techno's bed awkwardly while he waited for Philza, and Techno kept reading his book at his desk. The Art of War. Phil apparently had a gift he was getting for Ranboo, so that left the two of them to sit in a stifled silence.

It had become a sort of routine. Most nights all three of them slept in Techno's bed. He'd splurged on getting a bigger one for a more comfortable fit after the second night. Sometimes, it was still just Philza that joined him- sometimes Ranboo would nervously join them after a few hours, seeming to have just woken up in a panick. Twice, Philza slept in Ranboo's room. Both times he'd stopped by to tell techno that "It's bedtime, mate." Before he wandered off.

Techno definitely didn't stay up those nights, repeatedly checking to make sure that both boys were safe. And if there happened to be a few guards standing outside Ranboo's door when the boys woke up, that had nothing to do with Techno.

Ranboo was a pretty big adjustment in general. It used to be Techno and Phil. Just the two of them. Now, most times Ranboo came along with Phil. Techno thought that it would be hard to get used to, but to his surprise, he liked Ranboo. Could respect the kid. And the voices seemed to like him as well. Didn't mean sticking two socially awkward people alone in a room together was a good idea. Phil was the social butterfly that kept the air light and easy to talk in.

Just when Techno was about to say something- anything to break the stifling and awkward silence- Philza finally returned, in his hands a thick notebook and quill. He gave both hybrids a wide grin, before he handed the notebook to the enderboy.

"Now you can write down all the important stuff, and you'll never have to worry about forgetting it!" Phil explained when Ranboo gave a look of confusion. The action had Technoblade's heart melting, and when he looked at Ranboo's face again, he could see his eyes watering with unshed tears as he held the book and quill close to his chest. He gave the younger boy a grateful smile, before pulling the smaller teen into a tight hug. "Thanks Philza. You're awesome." He chuckled. Phil's wings ruffled in happiness as he returned the hug before getting into his spot for the night. He looked at Techno, "Bedtime, Tech." He demanded.

The piglin hybrid rolled his eyes, but climbed into bed. "I'm still working on your gift, Techno." He explained, burrowing into the blankets as the enderchild burrowed into Phil's side. Techno looked at the boy, wide eyed from both surprise and confusion. "Heh? Why are you suddenly giving us gifts? Did i miss something?" The pig man asked, making Philza snigger and shake his head. "No no, just feel like giving my charges some gifts." The boy said, yawning a bit as he closed his eyes. Ranboo yawned in response to Phil's, and Technoblade found himself bringing the yawn full circle.

He really needed to have a conversation with Phil about the fact that he didn't adopt Techno, and that he didn't have any 'charges'. He was pretty sure that from the look on Ranboo's face he agreed. "Actually, I'm older. I've adopted you, you're my baby." Ranboo cooed at Philza, playfully nuzzling his nose into the boy's cheek. Technoblade groaned, these kids man. "You're both kids, neither of you can adopt the other." And at the same time, both boys responded with, "Bet."

Ranboo has never had a family before- at least, not that he could remember. But now he has Technoblade and Philza. Phil is really smart and extremely kind. Technoblade is super strong and pretty scary, but Ranboo can still tell that he cares. He wrote it down in his notebook. A gift from Phil. The younger boy seemed too good to be real, and Ranboo really hoped that this wasn't all just a hallucination. He thinks he got those sometimes.

Philza knew a lot of cool tricks, and was really good at building. He also introduced Ranboo to a lot of people. Apparently, Philza was the Prince of the Antarctic Empire, and Techno was the King. But when Ranboo asked if Techno was his dad, Phil explained that they were just fancy titles for leader and co-leader. According to Philza, he'd adopted him and Techno, but he's pretty sure that Techno has adopted Philza.

"Alright, mate. What Y level do we strip mine in?" Philza quizzed as they began walking down to one of Phil's new strip mines. "11." He answered easily, and Philza hummed approvingly, which made Ranboo's heart warm at the wordless praise. As they reached the desired level, Philza explained to Ranboo on how to make a good strip mine. Ranboo took notes in his book, so he wouldn't ever forget.

"How about you give your favorite Lieutenant some diamond?" A voice asked from behind them, and Ranboo tensed with fear as he turned around. There was a tall and broad figure- not as large as Techno in either size or aura, but still *intimidating as hell*- dressed in a green hoodie and a white porcelain mask with an eerie smiley face on it. Ranboo reflexively put himself between the stranger and the boy he was quickly coming to think of as a baby brother, while pushing himself and Philza away as far away from the man as the enclosed area would allow.

Ranboo relaxed a little as he felt a small hand squeezing his shoulder reassuringly. "Hiya, Dream. How much diamond did you want?" Philza asked, ducking under Ranboo's arms so he wasn't safely tucked behind the older boy. Instead he was now standing *too close* to Dream, right in front of the masked man and seeming to work out a deal with him. Something about the man just put Ranboo on edge, more than usual that is. He didn't want to be anywhere near the man, and he certainly didn't want his little brother near him.

He couldn't hold back the enderman sounds that he emitted as his anxiety grew, getting worse the longer that Dream was in the same vicinity. Philza looked over, face reading that he was surprised by the noises, before his face softened. He told Dream to leave and they'd talk later, then came over and gave Ranboo a soft hug. Ranboo clinged to the boy with wings. He wasn't sure why, but he hoped that he never had to see Dream again.

"PHILZA NEVER DIES!! SKULLS FOR THE SKULL THRONE!"

"Philza NO-"

Philza had spotted sponge- that's right. Sponge. And he had just yelled and then dived into drowned infested water with *no armor or anything to heal himself*. Ranboo was frozen in absolute horror after his shout had been ignored by the younger teen. Techno looked at the lanky teen, "Go get potions of healing and gapples- NOW." He said firmly, splashing himself with turtle master and strength potions before he dived in after his kid.

Philza smiled as he added the sponge to his inventory. He was soaking wet, but it was worth it. "Never do that again, you hear me? I will ground you so hard." Techno huffed, still out of breath

from fighting off a horde of drowned while trying to corral Phil back to the surface. Ranboo was wrapping the boy up in a tight hug the next second, holding the boy in a vice grip that made him gasp for air. "What is wrong with you?! Do you know how bad you scared me?" At least now Philza had the decency to look apologetic.

The smaller teen patted Ranboo on the head, "Sorry, Ranboo. . . but sponge!" The older teen huffed, shaking his head in exasperation, and curled around the boy even more. Technoblade frowned, "Promise you won't do something like that again." He said, voice actually managing to stay stern. Philza was surprised, Techno never sounded like that when he talked to Phil.

The younger teen couldn't help but pout a little, but gave a reluctant nod. "Yeah, okie." He mumbled, giving off a dejected vibe. The tension eased out of Technoblade's shoulders, and he let out a sigh, before standing up and scooping Philza into his arms for a brief and relieved hug. He placed the boy on his hip, and wrapped his free arm around Ranboo's shoulder to bring the beanstalk into his other side. "Let's just go home. I can read you guys a book." As he spoke, both boys groaned.

The piglin raised a confused eyebrow at them, and Philza had mercy on the man. "Anything but The Art of War. *Please.*" He whined, making the older man chuckle as he shook his head in amusement. "No no, you guys can pick." He conceded. Both his boys perked up at that, grinning to each other. Clearly they had some kind of silent plan going on. Techno felt like he should definitely be afraid. But, how bad could it be?

Technoblade ended up reading 'The Pigman'. . . and honestly, the giggles and crackles of his boys was completely worth it.

Chapter End Notes

Enderboi: guess I have a baby brother and socially awkward father now. This is nice.

Dream: yo

Enderboi: GETCHO FUCKIN' DOG BITCH

Kidza: It don't bite

Enderboi: YES IT DOES-

—

Kidza: PHILZA NEVER DIES *jumps head first into death*

Technodad: *running to save him* PHILZA MIGHT DIE, HE JUST MIGHT

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry for the slight chapter spam! I've had time to plan while being in bed sick, and don't know when I'll be able to post after tomorrow. I just wanna give you guys as much content as i can to make up for the inconsistent updates x3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo joined the server. His family was in trouble, he needed to help them. He started running to their location, a cabin in a snowy and cold place, it never warms. It reminds Ranboo of better times, more simple. They were happy.

Techno had just built the small cabin, Philza helping him along the way. Always Techno and Philza, they took care of everyone and each other. Ranboo didn't have time to reminisce about the fondness he held for his family. He kept running through the snow. He needed to warn his family.

He reached the cabin.

He felt the heat coming from the flames as their home burned to the ground.

"PHILZA! TECHNO!"

Ranboo cried. Because he knew.

A heavy hand fell on his shoulder. Ranboo turned, Techno loomed over him. Dark and emotionless eyes hiding pain. His skull mask gone. The pink haired man stared at his burning home, he looked so much older than when they'd first met.

The piglin wore no armor. Had no wounds. Was clean with nothing but snow to mar his neat clothing. He'd just respawned.

Techno didn't have to speak.

Ranboo cried. Because he knew.

"Wilbur. Tommy. . . Philza." Techno spoke in a low monotone voice.

Ranboo stood. Because he knew.

*Ranboo knew what the words meant. **He** had finally crossed a line. **He** had finally crossed **the** line.*

Ranboo turned his back to the burning building. Because he knew.

"Where is he?" He couldn't look at Techno. Couldn't face the man who'd lost so much.

"Going after Tubbo, I'd imagine. Follow me."

Ranboo followed Techno. Because he knew.

*The mass amounts of wither skulls wouldn't be payback enough. But they had to start somewhere.
This is all we have now.*

We can't win. But we'll fight.

A white porcelain smile. An overly confident smirk. A skilled manipulator.

A life lost.

A final life, never to be returned. No more respawns.

They spawn the monsters.

He avoids Tubbo during the violence.

Ranboo couldn't watch his little brother cry. Because he knew.

Tommy yells at them. Because he didn't know.

Ranboo accepts the blame. Because he knew.

He knew.

Ranboo knew, and yet. . .

A porcelain smile hides the monster's truth.

Philza. Did you know?

"-nboo! Ranboo, you're ok! Shhh, you're safe." Ranboo sat up with a jolt, palms sweating and heart racing. He sees his little brother at his side, Phil's big blue eyes looking at him with clear concern, his little hands hovering in the air. Philza didn't know if he should touch Ranboo. The hybrid made the decision for him, yanking the younger boy into a hug while he tried to stop himself from shaking.

Phil gently returned the hug, humming a soft tune. It was the same tune that the boy had taken to humming every time Ranboo began to get too anxious. It was soft, soothing, and familiar. Phil gently hugged Ranboo back, hands gently rubbing circles in the enderboy's back. Wings lightly wrapped around them. Ranboo felt himself calming down.

"Do you wanna talk about it, mate?" The blonde teen asked gently. Ranboo appreciated the fact that Phil didn't pull away from the hug. "N-no. I don't even remember." He grumbled. And he didn't, he couldn't understand why he was so freaked out. But, he felt a simmering rage, and a helpless sadness that he couldn't shake. Somehow, he also felt like he'd *die* if he wasn't clinging to

Philza. More accurately, he felt like Philza would vanish. He also had this strange sense of urgency to find Technoblade and make sure he's alright.

But Techno wasn't here, they'd been spending the night in Ranboo's room. And Ranboo really didn't feel up to talking or releasing his baby brother from his arms. But Phil, being the kid that he is, somehow knows Ranboo better than he knows himself.

"Wanna sneak into Tech's bed?" The boy asked, whispering as if they were planning to rob an ally's Empire. Ranboo couldn't help but chuckle, wiping the tears that he'd just now noticed from his eyes, and giving a small nod into the other teen's shoulder. He still couldn't pull himself to let go.

Phil retracted his wings and tried to pull away, but Ranboo reflexively held him tighter, a high pitched whine forcing itself out of his throat. Philza stopped pulling away, making a cooing sound. Easily soothing the ender hybrid. After a moment of Philza seeming to think, the boy looked Ranboo up and down, before giving a determined nod. "I can carry you there if you want." He offered.

Ranboo felt a genuine laugh of disbelief and amusement bubble out of his mouth, shaking his head at the absurd image that was put in his head. "Phil, you're not even half my size." The anxious teen said, amusement not having left his voice. Philza rolled his eyes, "So? Ranboo, you're basically a twig." Ranboo snorted at the hypocritical words. Plus, he'd put on some muscle. . . a little at least.

"If I'm a twig, you must be a noodle." The hybrid teased, poking Phil's cheeky playfully. Philza glared half heartedly, before an evil and wicked smile slowly took over his face. Ranboo watched the younger teen nervously, not able to tell what he was planning. Before Ranboo could think of any defense, the smaller boy's hands were at his sides, tickling the lanky boy.

Ranboo let out a mixture of a yelp and screech, trying to grab the offending hands. Unfortunately, Philza was a fast little shit and was moving around too much for the Enderman hybrid to get a stable hold of.

Luckily for Ranboo, Technoblade came in, the door nearly swinging off its hinges. The older man was wielding his fully enchanted diamond sword, and a murderous aura. They all froze, staring at each other. Technoblade, taking in the scene and realising that his kids weren't in any danger. Ranboo watched the older hybrid in awe as he realised the man was probably keeping guard, to have come in so quickly. And Philza was just confused on why Techno had nearly just broken Ranboo's door down.

Technoblade cleared his throat awkwardly, "Everything ok in here?" He asked, and Ranboo snickered while Philza continued to look confused as he gave the pig man an answer. "I mean. . .

yeah? Ranboo had a nightmare and wants to sleep in your room. I was just getting ready to carry him there."

At his youngest claim, Techno dropped his head. Clearly trying to hide his amusement from the boy. Ranboo openly cackled at the fact that Phil seemed very determined that he was going to carry Ranboo across their castle. "Oh were you?" Techno asked, trying to make it sound genuinely curious instead of blatantly amused. Philza didn't seem to notice, how was a mystery. The kid was observant as hell. And yet, somehow still managed to be oblivious to some things.

Philza responded with a confident nod, "Yes. He's too thin, so it'd be pretty easy." At the youngest's words, Ranboo's cackling only grew. "Oh the hypocrisy!" The older teen cried, putting a small pout on Phil's face. Techno chuckled, and stepped into the room. Letting his blade dematerialise into his inventory. "I'll sleep here for the night. He decided.

All three of them squished into Ranboo's bed, for once Ranboo was in the middle. The older teen wanting to be able to touch the other two. To be fair, the bed was so small that Ranboo and Philza barely fit on it without touching- which suited both boys fine, because they adored cuddles- so with the added form of a full grown piglin hybrid, Philza ended up practically draped over top of Ranboo. His large wings covering them like a warm and feathery blanket.

As they drifted off to sleep, Techno noticed that along with Ranboo's head on his shoulder, the younger teen laying on top of the enderboy also had a hand clutching the fabric of Technoblade's shirt. He didn't resist the fond smile that took over his face. "Good night boys." He whispered.

Techno dad

Ewww affection

This family is badass

Imagine being that soft-

Blood for the blood God, adoption for the kidza, anxiety meds for the enderboi?

Technoblade chuckled quietly, shaking his head. "Good night, Chat." He mumbled under his breath, before closing his eyes as he finally fell asleep.

Techno and Ranboo were training. The lanky young man had finally asked Tech to teach him how to fight, which left Philza to his own devices. It had been a hot minute since he'd done anything without Ranboo, Tech, or both with him. He'd already visited the villagers, talked with the guards, and got a few more daimons. Now he was just bored, he didn't really have anything he needed to do that day, and after the constant company, he'd grown too spoiled. Doing anything on his own just seemed so boring and tedious.

Then he intercepted Wilbur as he was entering their territory. It had been a while since he'd spoken with the older man. He offered a friendly smile to Wil as he waved, "Hey, mate. How've you been?" Asked, noting how the man with unruly brown hair seemed rather stressed. "I need advice. I don't know what to do with Tommy." He said, sounding genuinely dejected. At hearing Tommy's name- because Tommy was one of his kids- Philza perked up a bit.

"What's going on with, Tommy?" He asked, concern beginning to color his voice a little. Wilbur sighed, shaking his head a little in irritation. "We're in a sort of political alliance. I like it, Tommy's my friend. But, he keeps doing these kills for money. And he's tricking people, scamming them. And he's bullying countries that aren't as strong as him-" Wilbur cut himself off with a frustrated groan, putting his head in his hands with a tired sigh. "He just. . . makes it really hard to be on his side sometimes." Wilbur finished, seeming emotionally and physically drained.

Philza hummed in understanding, giving Wilbur a soft smile. "And yet, you've stuck by his side?" He asked quietly. Wilbur chuckled a little, giving a weak nod. "Yeah. . . he's a good kid. He needs people in his corner. He told me that you've been visiting him, keeping him company. He sees you as a friend, so I figured I could talk with you." He mumbled. Philza gave a shrug, before flashing a small and cheeky grin. "I'm not Tommy's friend. I adopted him." He stated simply.

Wilbur's jaw gaped open for a moment, then the man began opening and shutting it, seemingly trying to speak but words refused to come out. "You-" Philza stood up, stretching a little. "I like you. You've been nice to me and Tommy every time we've met. Do you have parents? Who takes care of you?" When he saw pain flash in Wilbur's eyes, Philza made his decision. He gave a firm nod, "Alright, don't worry. I'm adopting you. Now you have me, Techno, Ranboo, and Tommy." He said, flashing the stunned man a bright smile, and ruffling his curly brown locks with a gentle and fond hand.

Wilbur shook his head, clearing the dazed look off his face as he gave a nervous laugh. "I'm twenty-one. . ." he said, voice quiet and clearly confused. Philza gave him a deadpan look as re

replied, "My oldest is like thirty. Your point?" He asked, apparently seeing nothing wrong with the situation, which. . . was so absurd that Wil couldn't help the laugh the bubbled out of his throat.

Phil looked at the sky to see around what time it was, frowning a little. "It's getting late, mate. You can spend the night, come on inside and we'll eat some dinner." Phil spoke, taking the older man's hand in his and guiding him towards the Antarctic Empire's castle.

"Oh, Wilbur. What are you doing here?" The pink haired king question as his youngest finally wandered in for dinner. Phil has been extremely adamant that the family eat at least breakfast and dinner together. Always taking it upon himself to speak with the cooks, planning out a healthy and nutritious meal that fits all of their taste. Naturally, Phil was always on time, usually corralling Ranboo and Techno to the dining room.

The fact that Phil had been running a few minutes late had put Techno on edge- Ranboo was too exhausted after his first day of training to worry.

Wilbur waved, a wide and friendly grin on his face, "Spending the night I guess." He chuckled. Philza casually sat down at the table. "I adopted him." He said simply, making Ranboo snicker as Techno rubbed the bridge of his nose with a tired sigh. Wilbur looked between the three of them, seeming to connect that this wasn't an uncommon occurrence here. "Phil, that's a whole ass *man!*" Ranboo said, laughter still filling his voice with mirth. Phil raised a confused eyebrow, "So? Tech is older." He said simply.

Ranboo's cackling doubled, and Technoblade groaned as a headache began to set in. "Phil, you *can't* adopt random people. Especially adults. That's not how things work." The piglin tried to explain. Wilbur sat down beside the youngest, who was tilting his head- looking like a confused puppy. He looked at Wilbur, with big blue puppy dog eyes and asked, "Do you not want me to adopt you?" He asked, and the look of pure *dejection* on his face made Will's heart seize. He was only human after all. "I'd love for you to adopt me!" He cheered, making Philza smile brightly and give Techno a victorious grin.

Technoblade really needed to figure out how to explain to this child that he can't just go around adopting people. . . even if he was an adult adopting kids, there's a limit. But. . . Technoblade is too hungry and tired to stand up to Phil's puppy dog eyes at the moment, so he'd leave that for future Techno to deal with.

And with that, Philza has adopted Technoblade: the blood god, Tommy: the feral racoon, Ranboo: the anxious enderboy with no memory storage, and Wilbur: the kind hearted musician with a tendency to go a little crazy on occasion. At least, in his mind he's adopted them. The reality is that he's basically forcing Technoblade to adopt these people.

And, oddly enough, Techno is alright with that. Before this server started, he was just *The Blade*. But now, he's *Techno. Tech*. He has a family to take care of. People he can trust and who trust him. He has two kids, and an inkling that he's just gained a third, by how comfortable Wilbur seemed to be, bantering lightly with Ranboo while Philza scolds them to eat their food. He knows Philza has been working on getting Tommy to visit more, and he has no doubt that the obnoxious little shit will inevitably cave to Phil's mother henning.

As he watches the three interacting, he can't help but marvel at the situation. What had Techno ever done to deserve a family like this? He'd lived a life of violence, only being used as a weapon, never having even a friend to see him as a human. And it hit him.

If he hadn't noticed Philza, or hadn't joined this server, he'd never have this. He took in Philza, given him the bare minimum. Protection, status, and a little bit of his own time and attention. And the kid had wiggled his way right into his heart, and began building a home. Philza was slowly making this mismatched family by hand, building sturdy foundations with a stable footing in Technoblade's heart.

Maybe this is why they called Phil a master builder.

Chapter End Notes

Wilbur: oh, hey kid! I need some advice about showing a feral child kindness.

Kidza: you've been nice to my feral child?. . . you have no family?.. .

Technodad: oh, hello military ally, eh, are you following my son into our designated family bonding time?

Philza: I adopted him.

Wilbur: yup.

Enderboi: *wheeze* that's a grown ass man-

Technodad: *looks at readers* why is my son like this?

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Yooooo the hospital apparently has decent Wi-Fi. POG! Also: as always, thank you all so much for the love and support! Your comments are all extremely sweet, you guys have awesome ideas, and you guys also make me laugh! ♥

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur spent more time in the Antarctic Empire than his own home. He couldn't help but fall in love with the atmosphere that his new little family created. He never thought that Technoblade- *The Blade* - would start, well, parenting him at the simple statement from a kid that he'd been adopted. Technoblade helped him in more ways than an ally should. He asked about his day, helped him deal with any threats that came his way, always made sure he was well fed and rested, and welcomed him with open arms no matter the time or situation.

Ranboo was a pretty nervous kid, but he had an awesome sense of humour that never ceased to amuse Wilbur and pull out a chuckle. He seemed like a genuinely nice kid. And Philza. . . Philza still believed that he adopted all three of them. And he did a surprisingly good job at mother henning them, nobody could say no to the kid. With the combined forces of Phil and Techno, their little makeshift family was surprisingly not only functional- but thriving. Technoblade didn't always know what to do when it came to the emotional side of things, but he had Philza who excelled at maneuvering through the minefield that was emotions. And Philza often got too wrapped up in one of his projects to remember to eat or sleep himself- let alone make sure everyone else did. Technoblade never failed to make sure they were all taking care of their health.

Wilbur couldn't help but stick around the three, clinging to the family that he's never had. Ranboo and Philza were like his little brothers, and adored when he was able to teach them things. Phil may know a lot about survival and building, but the kid's actually pretty dense when it comes to social cues and other ordinary things that should be commonplace. He mainly goes off his instincts when dealing with people, and he's pretty skilled at that. However, if you get to know him, it becomes blatantly obvious that he's spent the majority of his life alone. Wilbur wondered if that's why the youngest was always seeking physical reassurance.

And Ranboo didn't seem to know a lot of things, his memory most likely the cause of that. Despite a lack of memory however, the kid was pretty passionate about his desire to help everybody. Apparently, he didn't identify as a part of the Antarctic Empire, because he didn't want to pick a side. He wanted to pick people. Wilbur enjoyed having playful debates about morality with the kid, Ranboo always getting nervous when Wilbur made good points about something considered morally bad. They also learned that Philza is extremely morally grey, Wilbur loved that the sweet kid had a chaotic side as well.

Currently, he was playing his guitar while the boys wrestled in the yard. Despite Ranboo appearing to have the advantage of size and training with Technoblade to use that size and strength to it's strategic advantage, Philza used his own slighter size to move with nearly neck breaking speed, his wings balancing his movements and occasionally being used to distract or blind the older teen. Plus, the youngest fought dirty.

Wilbur chuckled as he watched Ranboo try to charge Phil before the younger boy could recover from dodging, only for Philza to drop into a ball at last second. Successfully tripping the older teen. Ranboo let out a startled yelp as he hit the ground. "No fair!" The ender hybrid cried, cheeks puffing a little. It made Wilbur cackle, how much Ranboo managed to sound like a child while his voice is nearly as monotone as Technoblade's would always confuse and astonish the young man.

Philza flashed a soft and sympathetic smile to the hybrid as he offered his hand to help Ranboo off the ground. "Sorry, mate. Survival of the fittest. I saw a tall ass noddle coming at me. It's a reflex." The 15 year old chuckled, and the older pair didn't bother to scold the younger boy for his swearing. It was honestly to late in the teens life to correct it.

Wilbur continued to write some new music while the two boys who've quickly become little brother's in Wilbur's eyes playfully fought. Eventually, Ranboo conceded victory to Phil, promising to learn quickly and be able to beat his little brother. Phil accepted the words with a laugh, and an, "I know you will." That was probably the most honest and genuine thing that Will had heard all day.

The younger boys seemed content to just lay in the only grassy area in Antarctica, catching their breath and resting tired limbs as they listened to Wilbur strum tunes on his guitar. Even though it was cold out, the two boys had worked up a sweat, and they'd both opted to strip out of their warmer clothes for their undershirts. Wilbur never really had a family, but now that he did? He'd happily die for any one of them. Nobody was ever gonna fuck with his little patchwork family.

He didn't fight the urge to nap, after all, his little brother's had already conked out. And this was Techno's territory. This was safe.

° _____ °

Technoblade couldn't help but frown. Somehow, he was the first person to show up for family dinner. None of his boys were here, even though Technoblade was *positive* that that all of them were going to stay on the grounds today. Wilbur was visiting for the weekend, Philza was didn't have any co-op projects with other factions that would lead him- and thus, Ranboo- out of their territory. Ranboo was quickly becoming Phil's shadow, the taller boy seemingly happy to follow the younger boy around all day. Occasionally, Ranboo would have a specific thing he wanted to do, or a place he wanted to go. And Philza seemed just as happy to follow his big brither around on

those days.

Technoblade decided to seek his kids out. After checking all three of their rooms- Ranboo's was defiantly the most chaotic. There were signs of both his youngest living in it. Little projects that they've worked on together, a giant whiteboard with important reminders for ranboo, pictures of the family on various occasions, scrapbooks of even more memories. Sticky notes that were obviously left by Philza for Ranboo all over with little messages. The blue ones were inspirational and good for the anxious boys self-esteem. The green ones were beside and ontop of every picture, giving a brief description of the memory that was captured. Pink notes on all their little projects that explain what they're for and how to use them.

The decorations somehow looked good, despite greatly contrasting with his two son's personalities. A chaotic safe haven for his boys.

Wilbur's room had slowly been getting more lived in, but was still a little to really scream Wilbur's. He had a few picture's of the boys and Techno- but none of himself or him with the three of them. Technoblade resolved to fix that soon, maybe he should focus a little more time into making sure the young man understood that he was Techno's son too. That the boys adored him, and missed him greatly when he wasn't home. He also had a few instraments and a mini linary scattered around.

Phil's room was. . . still depressingly bare of any signs of life, despite him being such a talented creator with a talent to make nearly any build into something stunning. There was a bed and chest. Only his wepons were kept there, everything else was scattered into Ranboo's room, Techno's room, and even a little bit in Wilbur's room. It was just proof that the kid never really came here, he didn't seem to desire any personal space at all. Even if he was always willing to give his family theirs.

Eventually his search lead him the the large entrance/exit. As he opened the door, he saw one of his lieutenants standing there. He followed the masked man's gaze- or at least the direction he was facing- to see his kids. They seemed to have all fallen asleep in a "cuddle puddle" as Philza and Ranboo would call it. Both teens spralled out over Wilbur, who's guitar had been discarded beside where he was laying. He felt his gaze drown back to the Lieutenant, eyes narrowed in a suspicious glare. The man hadn't noticed him yet.

"What are you doing?" He asked, voice low with an underlying threat. He searched his memory for a name to this masked man, but somehow came up blank. The man in a green hoodie startled, quickly whipping around to face the King. "Oh! Uhh, i was just keeping gaurd over them. Sir." He answered, a slightly nervous chuckle in his voice. Techno took a step closer, looming over the man. "You have the rank of lieutenant." He rumbled, keeping his voice a low growl as he jabbed a finger into the badge on the man's shirt that labeled him as such. "And yet, I don't know you. I don't remember you. So who the fuck are you?" He asked, trying to back the guy into a corner.

He stood his ground. Not moving an inch as Technoblade stepped forward. He couldn't tell if that made this stranger brave or stupid. "I'm Dream, sir. Pete hired and promoted me. Don't believe we've met before." He said, and the little shit had the *audacity* to give a smug little smirk. Techno took a mental note of that, he'd have to link the older man soon, he was away starting up a colony in Technoblade's name. He decided to dismiss this guy before he killed him.

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD

BRUUUHHHH THIS GUY SUS AS HELL

I don't like him.

He was creeping on our kids, snap his neck

BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD

DOWN WITH THE GREEN BOI

"Get out of here. And stay away from my kids." He growled, taking the man by the scruff of his shirt and shoving him in the direction of the village. "Go do your job, *lieutenant*. "

◦ _____ ◦

That night, Technoblade made sure all three of his kids slept with him, all for of them squishing together in the bed- Techno would have a larger one in a week or two. They didn't mind. Somehow, Techno had found a family that loved to cuddle. Well, Philza found a family that loved to cuddle. Technoblade would never admit how nice it felt to be able to hold all three of his kids. To know that they were all safe and in his grasp.

◦ _____ ◦

"You won't kill me." The overly confident porcelain smile spoke, all smug hubris.

Techno knocked back an arrow. He was in pain.

"You really think so?" Techno asked. He was in pain.

"I know how to bring him back." The porcelain smile promised. The porcelain smile lied.

Ranboo stopped his father from letting the arrow fly. Was Techno still his father at this point? It hurt. He was in pain.

"He deserves more than death. That's too easy." Ranboo growled.

Ranboo was in pain.

Techno was in pain.

Wilbur was in pain.

Tommy was in pain.

Tubbo was in pain.

The porcelain smile was in pain.

They were all in pain. And ranboo knew.

Philza. were you in pain? Did you know?

Ranboo woke up with a quiet gasp. Another nightmare that he couldn't remember. He was in Technoblade's room, could feel his makeshift family surrounding him. Techno on his right, Philza laying across his chest, and Wilbur on his left. "Are you awake?" He heard a soft whisper, just barely audible over Wilbur's light snoring. It was his baby brother. He'd recognize that no matter what. "Y-yeah." He whispered back, voice a bit shaky. He could tell it was still late- or maybe early. He felt the smaller male hum more than heard him. "Wanna go cook some pancakes?" And Ranboo couldn't help but smile. Because Philza knew that he'd had another nightmare. He knew that Ranboo didn't remember it. And he was offering the perfect distraction to get the hybrids mind off it. "Yeah. I- I think I'd like that."

So the boys snuck out of bed, and began making breakfast for their family, the cooks only looking slightly confused when Philza said that they could go back to sleep because they'd handle breakfast. Philza interacted with all the chef's for them to trust that he knew what he was doing.

Soon the cooking devolved into a flower fight, and what should've taken a half hour at most, took more than three hours. And both boys were covered in flower from head to toe. Even Phil's wings didn't make it out of the war unscathed. Once pristine dark grey to white feathers were completely white. But that was alright, because breakfast was made, and both boys couldn't stop laughing everytime they looked at each other.

Technoblade woke up to only Wilbur sleeping beside him. He would've been more worried, but the fact that *both* his youngest were gone told him they'd gone off to do Gods know what. He looked at the clock, and guessed that at this point they'd be in the dining room waiting for Wilbur and Techno to join them.

Techno woke up his oldest, and Wilbur went off to his own room to get dressed for the day. Once both men were dressed, they met up and walked to the diningroom together. They walked in to see the younger boys absolutely *covered* in flower, both giggling while they set the food on the table. Trying not to get it all dusted with flower. Technoblade shared a look with the musician. Wilbur broke eye contract first as he suddenly burst out laughing, doubling over a little as he looked at his younger brothers. The two boys looked at each other, and shared a devious smile before they both launched themselves at the eldest sibling. Ignoring Will's cries of, "I just got dressed!" As they both hugged the man.

All three of Techno's kids were now covered and flower. He gave an exasperated sigh, but didn't bother hiding his fond and amused smile as he shook his head. "Breakfast can wait, you boys need to get cleaned up." He chuckled, reaching out to gently brush some flower off of Phil's wings. It

really didn't help in any way.

What was he going to do with these three?

Chapter End Notes

Wilby: this is family?. . . I like it. Feels safe.

Dream: *starts creeping on a couple sleeping kids*

Technodad: uHm. WTF ARE YOU DOING?

Dream: Oh shi-

Technodad: *grabs flip flop* you best run, hoe.

Enderboi: *has nightmare*

Kidza:. . . food?

Enderboi:. . . food is nice. We're not eating it, right?

Kidza: phhh, of course not. Why would we eat our ammunition??

Plot? What's that?- Hey look a bird!

Chapter Notes

As always, thanks for all the kudos and comments! You're all extremely sweet and creative. Still at the hospital, so it's hard to respond to comments- but I do read them!

Also: i adore everyone too much to make them into irredeemable bad guys, so I made an evil oc. . . and a good one. Let me know if you guys wanna see more of him with the sbi family :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*"THEY'RE KIDS! WE'RE ALL KIDS, WE SHOULDN'T BE FIGHTING IN A FUCKING WAR!"
They could all hear Philza screeching at the porcelain mask. The mask gave no reaction, his smug smile never wavering.*

Ranboo was scared.

"They brought this on themselves." A cold and uncaring voice.

"THAT'S SUCH BULLSHIT! DON'T TAKE YOUR SHIT OUT ON KIDS, JUST BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO COPE!" There were tears in Phil's eyes.

The porcelain smile took a step forward. Wilbur flinched. Wilbur was scared.

Tommy stepped forward. "We'll duel. If I win, L'Manberg gets its freedom. If you win, you get my disk." Tommy was brave. But he was scared.

Technoblade growled, stepping between his sons and the porcelain mask. Techno was angry. Techno was scared. "Tommy no."

But Ranboo knew. Tommy would duel.

They were all scared. They were all in pain. And Ranboo knew.

Philza. Were you afraid? Were you in pain? Did you know?

◦ _____ ◦

At this point, Ranboo was used to waking up in a panic. Never remembering why he felt that way. But always having his little brother right there. By his side and somehow always awake to offer him a comforting hug and an easy distraction. It was nice, but Ranboo always felt concerned. Did he keep waking the boy up? Or was the boy having nightmares of his own? He always seemed so calm.

This time was different, though. He didn't hear any soothing tunes, or feel a comforting touch. It was silent, save for the quiet and steady breathing. They were sleeping in Ranboo's room. Technoblade was helping Wilbur out with a war against the Hiraeth Kingdom. And for once, Phil wasn't the first to wake up. Ranboo took the time to look over his sleeping brother. Phil was still pretty small for his age, but he'd gained a little weight. He looked a lot healthier. That weight was a mixture of softness, and lean muscles. Both him and Ranboo are never gonna have that broadness that their father had.

Phil's hair had yet to be cut. And the messy blonde was beginning to drape over his shoulders. Part of Ranboo wonders if he was trying to grow his hair out like Techno. Philza loved to brush and braid their fathers hair. Ranboo always caught the smaller boy playing with the long pink locks, Techno being happy to just allow the teen to do with it what his heart desired. It always made Ranboo smile.

So, Ranboo laid there, perfectly still as his little brother cuddled up to his side. Refusing to move and risk waking the younger boy. Sometimes, he mourned for the memories of his life before he met Philza and Techno. But it was times like these that just made him thankful for whatever had led him to get stuck in the rain near Philza. Maybe he'd remember. Maybe someone was looking for him at that very moment. But, he didn't care. He had a family. And he knew that if he ever forgot, they'd find him. They loved him for him, and he loved them for them. That's how it worked.

For now, he was happy.

◦ _____ ◦

The Kingdom of Hiraeth was a fairly cruel dictatorship. The leader was some lady, Queen Ellina. According to rumours, she was terrifyingly brutal and skilled. Techno couldn't help but be suspicious of that, considering he'd only heard of her on this particular server. Then again, maybe this was her debut of sorts. Either way, her goal was to conquer the entire smp and destroy anything that gets in her way. She wanted Techno's eldest to submit. No way in hell was that going to happen.

She sent an 'army'. The reality is, she sent her co-leader and three other *kids*. The co-leader couldn't be any older than Ranboo, a hybrid. He had green hair tied into a sloppy bun, and his sclera were a dark green- almost black if the light hit them right- while his pupils and iris were both lighter green. He wore a simple dark green mask over his lower face. Other than that, he looked human. Techno supposed he was probably part creeper or slime.

Then there were two slightly older men, both probably around Will's age. The shorter man was wearing white goggles with dark lenses, and a blue shirt with a little logo on it rather than actual armor. The taller one had darker skin, and wore a headband. He actually had armor, but it was only iron, and he didn't have a helmet or shield.

There was also a younger boy, fairly short with a face that practically screamed kindness. He looked to be around Phil's age. And alright, they might not be *kids*, but they were in Techno's opinion. And he couldn't fight a couple of kids. *They barely had any armor and their weapons were shit*. This Queen bitch had sent a couple of toddlers on a suicide mission to fight ***The Blade***.

BRUHHHH

that's scuffed, dude

SUS AF

kill her. Blood for the blood god.

Techno ADOPT

"What? No- Chat. We can't just go around adopting everyone younger than us in a shitty situation." Technoblade grumbled under his breath. And to his surprise, it was Wilbur who's response stuck him like an arrow. "Philza would adopt them." The words were spoken as a fact. An undeniable truth of the universe. And Will was correct. Phil would take them all in, and expand their little

family by nearly a half without hesitation. But Philza wasn't here, and Techno was a responsible adult.

This Queen has undoubtedly heard of his reputation. He was ***The Blade***. She must've known that he could single handedly take on fifty people. But she sent a handful of raggedy kids with barely anything to defend themselves with. She knew about his kids. The word had gotten around, Techno now had a known soft spot. *A weakness*. She assumed that he wouldn't be able to fight them with his new moral code. And she was kinda right. He couldn't hurt these kids, then go home and look his boys in their eyes.

But, he could tire them out, get them to surrender, and send them on their merry way. That was a plan he could get behind.

Sapnap- the only one with any armor- was actually pretty skilled. If he had a decent mentor, he could see the young man growing into a worthy adversary. Techno blamed Phil for the odd desire he had to see the boy unlock that potential. The boy was also very protective of his friends- that's how Techno took him down quickly. The young man was emotional, and he fought with his heart rather than his head. Techno had taken to targeting the boy in blue- it got the biggest reactions from the fighter.

Said boy wasn't as skilled in close range, mainly sticking to shooting his bow. The kid was quick and good at dodging, but once Technoblade had knocked Sapnap unconscious- the kid had dropped his guard in concern for his friend. George- Sapnap and he had repeatedly called out to each other in warning and concern- had rushed Techno with an iron sword. Both of them were apparently fairly emotional. Techno easily dodged, hitting the back of the boys head with the but of his diamond sword. Not hard enough to cause a concussion- a serious one at least- just enough to incapacitate.

The Blade turned to the last two. He didn't know their names, but the smaller boy with brown hair had been shouting out helpful tips and warnings to the other's while they'd fought. Mainly staying on the defensive. The hybrid had been creeping around at the edge of Techno's vision silently, sometimes managing to get into his blind spot when Techno was distracted with dodging arrows, or fighting Sapnap. He always took those opportunities to strike, hitting fast and hard before he'd retreat. His silence was dangerous.

But, with the heavy hitters down, their tactics were made obsolete. Techno was surprised at how quickly the boys adapted, both making eye contact, before giving determined nods. Then, the brown haired, soft looking boy charged Techno with a stone sword. Techno was startled enough

for his movements to pause for a brief moment, before he easily blocked. The boy was stronger than he looked, and it was obvious that his heart was in it.

And like a true opportunist, the young hybrid took that chance, charging at Technoblade's back. They were working in tandem. It was a smart move, but they were fighting ***The Blade***. Techno heard the hybrid approaching in just the neck of time, twisting himself out of the way so that the boys collided. The smaller boy's stone sword nearly cut into the hybrid's shoulder- thankfully, the silent boy seemed to also be quick and agile on his feet. He managed to turn his body just in time to avoid the blade, instead falling into the other kid and tumbling them to the ground relatively harmlessly.

While the smaller boy groaned in pain, the hybrid shot to his feet, jumping away with barely a sound. And that *jump* was impressive as fuck. Techno would take the leap that he was a slime hybrid. The kid had a *wooden sword* in hand. Techno shouldn't have even bothered dodging. It wouldn't have even tickled with his enchanted diamond armor. The hybrid had a neutral and calculating expression. Techno stepped towards the kid still on the ground. Blue eyes looking at him in fear, and that made his heart clench. Just a little. "Tubbo!" The older boy gasped quietly- the first time he spoke at all- as he swiftly put himself between Techno and the fallen boy.

The boy seemed to have switched out swords with one of his allies, as he now wielded an iron sword. His eyes narrowed at Techno with a fierce protectiveness. He didn't attack though, and so Techno waited. Just to see what the young co-leader would do. "Get Sap and Gogy. We're leaving." The boy spoke in a soft but stern voice, the quietness somehow efficiently leaving no room for argument. "Atlas-" Tubbo cut himself off, just looking up at the boy with hesitation. After a moment, Tubbo scurried off to do as told.

The little slime hybrid never broke eye contact with Techno, and didn't lower his sword until his team were out, and he was backing away to follow them. Slow and quiet. Technoblade wondered if there would be consequences for their retreat when they got home.

° _____ °

"TOMMY NO!"

"TOMMY YES!"

"GIVE IT BACK, YOU FERAL LITTLE RACCOON!"

"I'M *LITERALLY* TALLER THAN YOU!"

Ranboo watched nervously as Philza chased Tommy around the library, causing quite the

commotion. Tommy had snatched Ranboo's memory book after only arriving an hour ago, and Philza was determined to get it back. Ranboo just really hoped the younger boy didn't actually read it. It was private, he didn't want his memories and thoughts to be exposed to a guy he hardly knew. He looked away from the two when he heard the door open, seeing Techno and Wilbur walk in. He gave a sheepish smile and little wave in greeting, before a screech caused him to look back at the other two boys.

Phil seemed to have climbed on top of a book shelf, and Tommy was squawking at him to get down. Phil gave a devious grin, "Get down? Sure thing, mate." Philza then *leapt off of the book shelf*, using his wings to glide as he barrels straight into Tommy. As the thief lands with a loud thud, Phil took the opportunity to snatch the book from his hands. Ranboo accepted it gratefully as Phil flashed a soothing smile. As if he hadn't nearly just given his family a heart attack by leaping off a tall ass bookcase. Ranboo really needed to stop forgetting about Phil's wings and ability to not *die via slamming into the ground*.

He heard Techno sigh from behind him, "Phil, not in the Castle." He spoke as if he were exasperated, but everyone could hear the fondness in his voice. Phil, seemingly just realising that the older two were now home, launched himself at Techno- who easily swept up the youngest boy into a hug. "Tech, Wilby! How'd it go? Did you win any land??" The boy asked excitedly. Technoblade had been keeping both Phil and Ranboo away from any fighting that wasn't purely fun or training. Ranboo honestly didn't mind, but he could tell that Philza was itching for a real fight.

Technoblade opened his mouth to respond, but Wilbur beat him to it. "The 'army' that they sent was literally four kids with basically nothing to their names. Techno incapacitated two of them, and then stepped towards another menacingly, and the co-leader- who also happens to probably be, like, Ranboo's age?- called for them to retreat. They fought pretty well for a couple kids with nothing." He spoke casually, and Techno gave him a half hearted glare.

Ranboo couldn't help but feel for them, it sounded like they were lambs sent to the slaughter. He really hoped that there had been some kind of severe miscommunication of some kind. When he looked at his little brother, he couldn't see the boy's eyes. His head was tilted down so his hat covered his eyes, his entire body tense and hands curled into fist. Philza was pissed, and that in itself was a terrifying thing. For a moment, Ranboo thought the smaller boy was going to fly out the window and kidnap a couple child soldiers. The air was tense for a long moment, before the silence was broken.

"That sounds messed up! That just sounds wrong!" Tommy growled with indignant anger on the strangers' behalfs. "We should get them on our side. That's what we should do. Fuck the Queen." He spoke, all brave confidence and fearlessness in the face of injustice. Ranboo hadn't interacted with the loud blonde very much, and he'd never seen this side of him. He hadn't expected the teen to be so willing to stand against a powerful adversary for someone he didn't even know. Then again, Phil had repeatedly told Ranboo that the boy put on a persona. That he was a kind and caring person once you got to know him. Wilbur also claimed that Tommy is his best friend. That

some days, Tommy gives him a reason to get out of bed.

Ranboo was finally starting to see that side, the boy that Wilbur was so fond of and Philza wanted to bring onto the family. The kid may have stolen Ranboo's book, but now a part of him didn't believe he would've actually read it.

Maybe Ranboo should trust Phil's judge of character more. After all, everyone that has been 'adopted' into the family, has fit in perfectly. As if they were a puzzle being assembled, and each of them had their spot. Just for them. Ranboo spotted a look of surprise on Techno's face, he apparently didn't expect that response from Tommy either. There really was more to the obnoxious kid after all, wasn't there?

Techno shook his head, shaking himself out of his shock. He hadn't even expected Tommy to be here. Nevertheless, he crossed his arms, knowing that he had to stick firm to his decision. "We are not kidnapping kids. We've declared war on the Kingdom of Hiraeth. We'll see how things go." He said firmly, setting Philza back on his feet as he turned his back to the boys. He walked out of the room, ignoring their protest of his decision. Someone had to be responsible, he was doing the logical thing.

Meanwhile, the piglin king was oblivious to his boy's plotting and planning. Sticking together as they huddled into a corner of a library, hidden from prying eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Author: *writes Sap and Gogy into earth smp*

Dream: wait a minute. You said-

Author: shhhh. YOU said.

Dream:. . . wtf?

Tommy: *pops in* see? I'm q good person!

Technodad and enderboi: ohhhhh. Now I'm seeing it.

Technodad: still. No more adoption.

All four of his kids: *looks at each other* kidnap time?

Why are the kids like this?

Chapter Notes

As always, thank you all for the kudos and comments! The support for this story never ceases to amaze me! <3

Also: this is mainly setting up for a bigger and more plot heavy chapter so I apologise for the shortness x3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was busy setting the beginning stages of 'Operation Adopt Tiny Soldiers'- as named thus by Wilbur and Phil- and Wilbur was helping him. This meant that they were in Business Bay most of the time, leaving Philza to focus all his affectionate attention on Technoblade and Ranboo. Ranboo couldn't complain, and Techno was always happy to have the two hanging around. Ranboo had gotten far more confident in pretty much everything- he gave that little victory to Philza for the kids never ending praise, and Techno for his quiet encouragement and silent approvals.

Despite his newfound confidence, and apparent never ending witty sas, Ranboo still found himself following Phil around. The people of The Antarctic Empire had started off whispering about Ranboo being the Prince's puppy. Always chasing the smaller male's heels and vying for his attention. But as time passed, Ranboo began training with both The Angel of Death, *and* The Blood God, and became more fiercely protective of his new found family. He went from the Prince's puppy, to the Prince's Watchdog.

Which wasn't actually as insulting as it sounds. People saw him as a threat. Phil's protective shadow that will intercept any perceived danger. It actually gave him sway and power. Not that Ranboo would use it willy nilly! But it made it easier to watch his family's backs. He certainly wasn't going to complain.

Today, however, was a bit different. When Ranboo and Techno had woken up, Phil had been gone. He hadn't eaten breakfast with them, and apparently he hadn't even made any meal plans for that day. Ranboo couldn't help but worry about the younger boy, and he could tell Techno was concerned as well.

The day passed by, and neither of the hybrids could find the younger boy. Nobody in the Empire seemed to have seen the Prince the entire day. "The last time he did this, he was sick. . . but even then, he didn't ignore my links." The piglin grumbled, having grown more concerned as the day wore on. Hearing the older man's words only made Ranboo worry more about his little brother. They decided to split up and search, Philza probably hadn't left the Empire's territory. Right?

Dinner rolls around, and they meet up for the final meal of the day. Both coming back empty handed, no Philza in sight. They didn't have time to break the stilted silence however, because Phil walked in at that moment. The boy was completely silent as he took his seat, not looking any worse for wear, but refusing to look at or acknowledge either of the rooms other two occupants as he began to eat, but he had a content smile on his lips the entire time.

Ranboo and Technoblade shared a look, neither aware of what was going on with the youngest.

◦ _____ ◦

Philza had woken up with an ache in his wings. He'd had a bittersweet dream of him flying through the skies of his old world. Soaring over all of his projects. It had taken nearly his entire lifetime to build everything, and he'd been so proud of all of it. Only the villagers kept him company, Philza watching them as their rapid aging kept him from being able to get too attached. Once he'd gained his wings, many of the villagers grew to revere him as an angel. That's actually how he got the moniker: Angel of death. He was known as the protector *and* destroyer by the villages.

Despite Philza occasionally feeling lonesome, the freedom and adventure had been his biggest reasons he had stuck to his solo hardcore world. He didn't *have* to speak to *anyone* if he didn't want to. Nobody was there to judge him. He didn't have any reason to feel guilty if he just took the entire day to *fly*.

He loved the family he'd found. Absolutely adored every single one of them. But, he'd been grounded. He could fly, but he couldn't *fly*. He couldn't soar through the skies for days on end. He couldn't make sky cities so he wouldn't have to be anywhere near the ground for months at a time. Because he had Ranboo, who was always by his side and eager to help. And Techno, who always worried excessively when he didn't see Phil after a few hours. And it was *nice*. Really it was!

But he missed home. He missed being able to do stupid and risky things without people worrying, or going for a random flight without getting his link spammed. It was just *different*. And Phil's wings ached with the need to just *soar*. To *explore* and just *exist*. Philza was home sick. This server was so forgiving, so crowded. And it just hit Phil when he woke up. Cuddled between two warm bodies. Laying on his stomach with two of his family members curled under his wings, half resting on top of Ranboo with a hand clinging to Techno.

It hit him like a brick wall, and suddenly he just needed to be *gone*. So he left. He moved on auto pilot. Not thinking as he climbed to the roof and just *jumped*. And then he flew.

He flew high and fast over the vast ocean. Wind feeling nice on his wings as he soared through the skies- no specific destination in mind. He caught winds to carry him higher and farther. He dipped down to run his hand through oceans and streams. He laughed and didn't feel any shame or restraint. He touched ground, only to explore when something caught his attention. He didn't think about the territories or factions or his new found family. He was just *philza* . Eventually, he found himself back at the Antarctic. Subconsciously navigating back home for dinner. But he still wasn't really thinking, body moving on it's own as he just enjoyed himself.

He ate his food mindlessly, mentally wondering where he should go next, when he heard someone clear their throat awkwardly. Philza startled at the sound a little, turning to face Techno. The older man looked at him with confused concern, which made Phil's stomach turn a little. He'd just *left* without saying anything. He should've left a note, they would have understood. "You ok, kiddo?" Techno asked awkwardly, still not quite used to expressing open emotions and such. And that just made the guilt in Phil's stomach even more heavy.

"We looked all over, were you hiding? Did I do something?" Ranboo asked, and Philza winced as the anxious teen jumped to such conclusions. He quickly shook his head and smiled at them both reassuringly. "Nothing like that, Ranboo. And I'm fine, I've just been flying around all day." He waved them off, hoping that they would accept the answer.

The two hybrids exchanged a look, which had Philza reflexively sinking into his chair. "You're probably really tired then, right? We can all go to sleep after dinner. Wanna sleep in Technoblade's room again?" Ranboo asked, voice sounding nervously chipper. Phil gave a lazy one shouldered shrug, not really committed to that idea. "Not really tired. I was thinking I'd go for another flight after eating?" He asked this time, already feeling guilty enough for not doing so the first time. He could that Ranboo wanted to protest, but Tech was the one that answered.

"Of course, just be careful. Link me if you need anything or run into any trouble." The piglin King said, before turning his attention back to his meal. Like nothing had happened. Philza felt his tension ease, as they all began to eat again. He smiled a little to himself, Techno was used to being alone too. Techno may have been used to crowded servers such as High Pixel, but he was isolated due to his reputation and trust issues. Techno understood. Phil's wings fluttered happily at the realisation, and suddenly he wasn't *that* homesick anymore.

◦ _____ ◦

Technoblade watched as Philza flew off, he wasn't surprised now that he knew what was going on. Philza was young, and spent most of his life in a solo hardcore server. Sometimes that was easy to forget. The kid was so openly affectionate, and could seamlessly keep up a conversation. But his past was still there. In the way he seemed to be able to speak with the villagers better than the players at times. In how he rambles on about logistics, plans, and projects in a way that doesn't really seem directed at the person he's talking to.

In the way he tries to do things by himself- not thinking to ask for help. Or his obvious fear to death and the respawn process. Which, yes that's a good fear because respawn can be a finicky and dangerous thing depending on the server's magic- but Phil played as if he had one life.

All the signs, and yet with such a kind smile and carefree laugh that just made Techno forget. He's surprised it's taken Phil this long. He may be worried, but to deny Philza this freedom would just be cruel.

Birdza

Hopefully he doesn't fly into any glass

Technodad

When your oldest and youngest finally abandon you and you're still stuck with your middle child

Technoblade snorted a little in amusement at that last comment from Chat, shaking his head a little. Thinking of Ranboo, he decided now was a good time to get some one on one time with the kid. He went back inside to find him.

"What the hell is this room?"

"Oh! Uhhh, it's just my panic room. It's where i go to feel safe and stuff."

"Ranboo. . ."

"Yeah?"

". . . There are *mob heads* on the wall."

"Haha, yup."

". . ."

Techno walked away, closing the door after him. He had thought Ranboo was the normal one. Why are all his kids like this?

◦ _____ ◦

"Hey, Boo?"

"Yeah, Phil?"

"Did you hear about Wilbur?"

"Uhhmm. . . not that I can remember?"

"He's alive."

"Hey, boo?"

"Yeah, Phil?"

"Did you hear about Tommy?"

"Oh boy, what'd he do?"

"He got locked in prison. You should visit."

"Hey, boo?"

"Yeah, Phil?"

"Did you hear about Tech?"

"Not that I remember."

"They're hunting him down. He'll be executed. You should help him."

"Hey, boo?"

"Yeah, Phil?"

"Did you hear about the community house?"

"Yeah. It burnt down."

"You burnt it, didn't you?"

"He did." A porcelain smile.

"Hey, Philza?"

"Yeah, Boo?"

"You're not real, are you?"

"I was."

"I know. . . hey, Phil?"

"Yeah, Boo?"

". . . I miss you."

". . . I know."

And then Ranboo woke up.

◦ _____ ◦

Technoblade woke up to a completely empty bed. Not *that* unusual. Philza tended to be an early riser, and Ranboo usually had nightmares. Wilbur and Tommy had been suspiciously absent all week. In hindsight, that really should've been Techno's first clue. He could only blame himself for not predicting this from his kids.

As Techno walked into the dining room for breakfast, he wasn't greeted by just the two faces of Phil and Ranboo. Or even the added one or two of Tommy and/or Wilbur. But instead, he saw all four of his boys, plus *five additions*. One of the five being Pete, and the other four were *the kids from the Hiraeth Kingdom*.

Technoblade rubbed the bridge of his nose, trying to keep his head ache at bay. It was *way* too early in the morning to be dealing with this. "What. Have. You. Done?" Techno asked very slowly.

And for what seemed to be the hundredth time since this little family was created, Technoblade had to ask himself: *why are all my kids like this?*

=====

(Ok, i know that was a short chapter, but here's a cute little thing that i wanted to write. Think of it as kinda like the none cannon smp stories)

Philza shivered, pulling his cape tighter around himself. They always went with the coldest places. He finally spotted the cottage, and he could see Techno through the hole in the wall. Phil guessed that the Piglin hybrid hadn't gotten around to making a door for it.

"Tech!" He called, speeding up into a light jog as he made his way towards his father, the older man not looking up as he brewed a potion.

Philza was almost to Technoblade when he suddenly ran into something where the hole was, hitting the invisible forcefield hard enough that he was knocked off his feet and landed on his butt.

Techno spun around when he heard something hit the glass window *hard*. Only to see a very confused Philza rubbing his nose and looking at the window in utter confusion. Techno had difficulty holding back his laughter.

Omg he can't see the glass-

Awww nooooo poor birdza

The mans just high fived the glass with his face

"Chat, shut up." Techno chuckled as he used his silk touch pickaxe to take down the glass. He'd find a better alternative later. "You alright, kiddo?" Techno asked as he helped his youngest to his feet. The boy still looked perplexed, tilting his head in open confusion. "What just happened??"

Techno laughed, shaking his head a little. "Glass." Was his simple response. Philza rolled his eyes, "that's why we add color to it, ya prick." They both made their way to sit at the fireplace, chuckling in good humour.

Kidza: peace! *dibs out without warning*

Dadza and Enderboi: *pure worry and concern*

Technodad: are those mob heads?

Enderboi: they bring me comfort and peace.

Technodad: *slowly backs away with a nervous laugh*

four random kids suddenly popping out of thin air daddy?

Technodad: bitch, do I look like-

The crown

Chapter Notes

Hello! Thank you all for the amazing comments and support as always! You guys are truly awesome and the reason I love this community <3

The big chapter has been delayed due to some plot change thanks to recent dream SMP activities

One of the major plot points I had, I've changed for reasons

Nothing you guys will notice, I just need to rewrite a few things! That being said, I'm giving you guys this little chapter, because I realised it didn't need to be packed into the plot heavy thing and can stand on its own! :)

I should have the bigger chapter out by the end of the week if things go smoothly.
Thank you for reading! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George, Sapnap, Tubbo, and Atlas. George was 23, Sapnap ended up only being 18. Tubbo was, surprisingly, 17, and Atlas was 16. They were all so *young*. It made Techno feel old. Officially, they were now a part of Business Bay. Tommy had taken them all in, and provided for them surprisingly well. That being said, if Tommy was in the Empire, so were his new miniature army of toddlers.

Before Techno knew what was happening, all of these kids were coming and going from the Antarctic Empire. All these kids were looking to Technoblade for guidance. He wasn't even sure *why*. Techno could barely take care of himself- let alone, what, *eight kids*? It was starting to be a bit much.

And yet, at the moment, it was quiet. Techno had been exploring a cave, looking for more diamonds and lapis. And Philza had eventually joined him. Just Philza, the original kid that Techno hadn't realized adopting would bring him an army of babies. Technoblade knew he played favorites, heard the joking- if slightly bitter- back and forth between Wilbur and Tommy. But Techno was still *new* to this. Philza and Ranboo had spent the most time with him, he knew how to take care of the two of them best. He knew them best.

If it weren't for Philza, he'd still just be the Blade. Alone, fighting wars without any motive other than power and control. And Ranboo, well. He reminded him of himself- maybe a little too much so sometimes. On top of that, they were part of The Empire. His other kids had their own things to do. He still *tried*. It's not like he didn't pay attention to Wilbur or Tommy. He'd even started trying to get to know the recent addition of four at once. He really did care about them.

But, it was rare to get time with only Philza these days. The kid always had someone tagging along with him, not counting Ramboo. And Ranboo tended to follow Philza so much that people assumed he was the younger boy's bodyguard rather than brother. "Hey, kid. You and Ranboo fight or somethin'?" Techno asked, a bit concerned with the older boy's absence. Phil also hadn't started helping Techno mine- he was just hovering idly. It was strange behavior, and The King was beginning to worry.

When the winged boy shook his head, lips in a thin line as he seemed to hesitate about something, Techno felt himself from. He set down his pickaxe, giving his kid all of his attention. He knelt in front of Phil, removing his skull mask so he could better make eye contact. He could see excited nervousness in the youngling's eyes, which eased his tension a little. Phil was excited about something- maybe he wanted to ask for something but thought it was too much?

Techno internally snorted at the thought, he'd find a way to give Philza the stars and moon if the kid wanted them. Which, after realising how true that thought is, seemed rather concerning. "What's up, kiddo?" He asked instead, offering an encouraging, if awkward, smile.

That was apparently all it took for Techno's youngest to give a determined nod, and the hybrid didn't have time to even blink before the kid whipped something from behind his back and onto Technoblade's head. It took a moment for the Blood God to recover from such a quick motion made by the boy, but Philza had a proud smile and his eyes were shining bright as he looked at Techno and whatever he'd just plunked on the hybrid's head.

Technoblade carefully reached up, taking the object off so he could see it. . . it was a crown. It was a golden crown, and it had little emeralds, Redstone, diamonds, and even some compressed lapid decorated all around it. It wasn't a perfect circle, and there were a few parts that weren't quite smooth enough. It wasn't professionally made. "I told you I was making you something. It took longer than I thought." Phil spoke, scoffing his foot against the cave floor. As if he thought Techno wouldn't like it or something. And the piglin thought back, only now remembering when the kid had given Ranboo his memory book and promised Techno something as well. Techno was snapped out of the memory as his youngest began to ramble a little.

"It's just, you're a king. And you have the whole cloak thing, so I just thought a crown might tie it together? And-" Techno cut the boy off with a fond snort, pulling him into a hug. He could feel the boy melt against his chest as he squeezed his little arms around Techno's neck. Techno wasn't about to cry, the little gift that his kid worked so hard on definitely was *not* melting his heart. He put the crown back on his head

Awwwww

Technocrown

TECHNO CROWN

Techno k i n g

Technosupport

This is too wholesome.

Now we must even out the universe with blood

Yesssss

Blood for the blood god

But. . . cuddles

CUDDLES

Techno rolled his eyes at the back and forth between the voices. He pet his boys messy and soft hair, and whispered, "Thanks, son."

He felt Philza freeze in his arms, and he pulled away in concern for the smaller human. The boy was staring up at him, his blue eyes wide with complete shock, mouth open a little. Was it so surprising that Techno appreciated the crown? He was about to say something, when he heard a quiet, breathy whisper leave the boy's mouth.

"Son?"

. . . Technoblade had to resist the urge to face palm, of course the kid didn't register that Techno has all but legally adopted him- which. He'd actually need to look into that. He didn't even want to know what Phil's little mind had made of their relationship. It was a bit sad that the kid probably still thought he'd adopted Technoblade, now that the hybrid thought about it.

Techno felt himself heave a sigh, wrapping his still surprised kid in another warm hug. "I've seen you as my kid for a while now, Phil. . . I don't expect anything from you, you don't gotta call me your father or anything. I just wanna take care of you, ya know?" He mumbled, and Phil was still standing limply in the hug, seeming to still be processing.

YOU BROKE KIDZA

Philza.exe has stopped working

Technodad POG

"So you. . . want to be, like my dad? Like an actual dad?" He asked, voice quiet and hesitant. Not fully sure if it was the right answer, Techno nodded. It was only a few more moment of Phil standing limply in the hug, before the kid latched on to the piglin hybrid like a leach, scrawny arms somehow managing to wrap so tight around his neck that he nearly choked.

Technoblade chuckled, tightening his grip on the boy as he felt a little face try to burrow itself completely into the crook of his neck and shoulder blade. "Thanks, Technodad." He heard the boy whisper, and if his eyes watered a little, it was because the little shit had gotten some feathers in his eyes.

° _____ °

"So all the kids that I've adopted-"

"Are your big brothers." Techno finished, fave deadpan and completely unimpressed. He couldn't help but crack a smile, however, when a big and happy grin took over Phil's face. The boy accepted the answer with surprising ease. "So please, no more." Techno pleaded, and groaned a little when the boy gave a very noncommittal shrug. Philza really was too much sometimes.

When the two finally went home, Ranboo coming out from his comfort/panic room, the youngest boy barreled into the lanky teen, squeezing the ender hybrid in a tight hug as he excitedly gave the news. "We're brothers, Boo!" At the boy's excited words, Ranboo gave an awkwardly confused chuckle, hugging the shorter boy back. "Yeah? That's been a thing for a while now?" He said, clearly not understanding the younger boy's sudden excitement. Philza seemed surprised at the words, before a pout slowly took over his face. "You knew and didn't tell me?!"

Two two began a playful banter back and forth, and Techno watched, not even trying to stomp down on the immense fondness and adoration he felt bubbling in his chest at the sight of the two. Things may get chaotic around here, but it was moments like these, and knowing that all his kids were safe even if they weren't in his sight, that made Techno think that maybe he could do this. He may never be the *best* dad. And he'll definitely fuck up sometimes. But they had each other now. They all had each other. And that would just have to be enough.

Chapter End Notes

Technodad: *concerned* you good

Kidza: *yeets crown at him* shiny gift?

Techno: you're a good son

Kidza: . . . wait a min-

Kidza: *patters into room* *looks at the blood god* dada?

Dadza: uhmm. . . yeah. *adopts all the children*

(Side note: i have actually made another story if you wanna check it out, it's piglin kid Techno. It's called Dadza Crafts a Family :))

Cat ears

Chapter Notes

Sorry I've been gone, a lot of stuff has been happening. I'm back to writing though, and I'll let you know once i can make regular uploads! :) as always: thank you guys so much for the love and support! I really am grateful for all the kudos and comments! It makes me happy that people enjoy this story <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Phil?"

"Yes, Boo?"

"Why does George call you Death's angel instead of Angel of Death?"

"They're the same thing, mate."

"Oh. . . are you sure?"

". . . Death has a claim on me. I am her angel."

"Can I meet her?"

"Not yet, Boo. Not yet."

"What is it saying?"

*"**He** is tellin' me that Tommy needs help."*

"Are you going to help him?"

"Wilbur is bullying him, he's fine. Techno is there as well."

"Your bird seems upset at that."

"They're never happy, mate."

"Why do you keep helping, Fundy? He always steals from you."

"He's a little shit! . . . but, he's still family."

"Is he really, though?"

*"Boo, the only reason he's not our brother is because Technodad **refused** to let me. . .well, ya know. . ."*

An Enderman hybrid snorts in amusement, and the world fades out.

° _____ °

"SHUT!" Techno hears the familiar word yelled from his youngest's mouth, and looks over to see a bright red Phil holding up a warning finger to a cackling Ranboo. The taller teen is doubled over, tears of mirth in his eyes. Ranboo used his shirt sleeve to try and keep the happy tears from burning his skin, his face already marred with the scars of past tears.

"What's happenin' over here?" Technoblades questions once he's in easy earshot of the two. Philza gives Ranboo another warning glare, which his older brother easily ignores. "Philza made a bet, and now he has to wear cat ears for a d-"

"SHUT!" This sends the lanky young man into another fit of hysterics.

Technoblade can feel himself sigh in both disappointment and fondness.

He then promptly walks away, not willing to deal with his son in cat ears today. . . or ever, for that matter.

Wait. . .

Heh?

"Who the fuck wants you to wear cat ears??" Techno spins around quickly to interrogate the boys. He really hoped this wasn't something he'd need to sharpen his blade for. Sure, Philza could be pretty dense to certain things, but Ranboo knew better. . .right?

"Wilbur..." was Phil's mumbled answer, making the younger hybrid nearly collapse into himself as he held his sides. Philza rolled his eyes, but there was a little smile on his face now. "It's not that funny, ya little shit!" He huffed, little arms crossing over his puffed out chest, trying his hardest to look upset.

Techno chuckled at his kids behavior, before finally letting himself walk away. He should get some work done.

"Phil. You *nuked a single person. **Multiple times.*** Bud. That's not even over kill! You can't be doin' that!" Techno scolded, but the *child* in question didn't look remorseful in the **slightest**. Instead, Philza shrugged it off, simply stating that, "He was being mean to Wilbur and Tommy."

Technoblade took in the words for a moment, feeling a migraine start in his temple as he closed his eyes. "Ok. But, Phil. He's one of my generals."

"Ohhh, Dream can fuck off! He's picking a fight with L'Manberg. Our *allies*. " Which, yes. That is a fair point.

"So we fire him, not blow him up." Techno tries to explain. Who the heck put him in charge of teaching this kid ethics??

"Technically, I **did** fire him, mate. Just a bit more literally than most."

Alright, so maybe Technoblade snorted a little at that one. But could you really blame him?

F

BADASS KIDZA

our son-

I mean, kid's not wrong

Ahhh yes, blowing up Dream. Our favorite pastime

Give the kid more nukes

Technoblade stands up, and promptly picks Phil up, placing him on his hip despite the boy protesting that he's too old for this. "Let's go check on your siblings." The Blood God grumbled. Philza probably had better ethics than Technoblade did, so he'd let this one go. The kid stuck up for family, and if Techno had caught wind of things first? He may have reacted a bit worse. To scold Philza on this matter would make him a huge hypocrite.

"Don't look at me like that, Chat. We parent fineee."

The piglin pays no mind to the blonde child watching him with a familiar concern.

Chapter End Notes

Dream: *is mean to Tommy and Wilbur*

Kidza:. . . fuck no. *pulls out nuke*

Technodad: Phil. What do you have?

Kidza: *running to blow up a green boi* a nuke

Technodad: nO-

Chat: yeS-

Gods being Gods

Chapter Notes

Did i write this chapter before the previous one? Yes. Yes i did.

Have i had this specific chapter written for over a month? Yes. Yes I have.

Am I completely happy with how it turned out? No. No i am not.

However: recently Wilbur has had the same sort of feeling with Soft Boy? And I've been listening to him talk about it and his past songs soooo

Even though i think it's missing something that I can't think of, i'mma post it :) maybe I'll think of it later, but this story won't move on if I never post it so- yeah!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Technoblade couldn't help but to relax. He'd been working non-stop for nearly a week, new people kept joining the Empire, and Technoblade had noticed a glitch in the server. He had an entire plan to take over the world, hopefully proving a point to the Gods of the server that this required fixing.

But that was all meaningless at the moment. Because Phil had decided he needed a break. They were currently out in the courtyard, his kid had set up a picnic with all handmade food for their lunch- one of the extremely rare times he wasn't dragging everyone to a family meal. To be fair Wilbur, Tommy, and the rescues (Techno really couldn't find it in himself to see them as his kids- he cared for them, of course, but they remained distant. If they didn't want him to parent them, it wasn't his place to force it) were actually starting a new nation. Some weird name- L'Manburger or somthin'.

Ranboo and Philza were the two that simply didn't leave. They weren't interested in that kind of stuff. And while the other kids tended to pop in, staying for however long their hearts desired, and always aware that the door was open for them to come home, it often felt like the old days.

Except Ranboo no longer followed the youngest *everywhere*. The enderman hybrid had taken a liking to Tubbo- one of the kids that had become Tommy's best friend and right hand man. Technoblade *totally* couldn't see any problems popping up there.

Ranboo was still glued to Phil's hip when he was around, but at the moment, he was being dragged on an adventure by the little bee loving boy.

At the moment, it was just Techno and his co-ruler. And Philza was braiding his hair. The piglin still wasn't completely sure *how* they'd gotten to this moment, but he was willing to blame it on his complete inability to say the word **no** to the kid. He had to admit, it felt nice. Feeling gentle little hands ease out the knots with care. Technoblade rarely found time to take care of the long locks himself.

That's how he'd fallen asleep, his son's hands in his hair, and a low humming tune echoing around him. He ignored the voices, even as they seemed to start panicking over something meaningless.

She's here!

Death

TECHNO RUN

TECHNO PROTECT

OMG NOOOOO

Phil chuckled a little as his dad- and boy, was that weird to think about- slumped a little as he seemed to fall asleep. The Elytrian finished braiding the hybrid's pink hair, admiring his own work for a moment before he stood. He had the vague feeling of being pulled away- not physically, of course. It was similar to the call of the wind, when he felt the immense need to just *fly*. And yet, somehow it was different.

So he followed. It took him a moment to hear it, a beautiful and sad humming. A soft tune that made his eyes water with despair, but still felt like home.

He didn't notice that he'd left the border of their territory. He didn't notice the passage of time. He didn't notice the link spam that was quickly piling up. He just needed to find. . . he wasn't sure. But he needed to find it.

So he followed. Because deep down

~~Philza~~

~~knew~~

Technoblade had lost his fucking kid. *How does somebody lose something so important??* Techno had woken up to the kid being gone, he'd messaged Phil, just to make sure the boy was alright. The piglin couldn't imagine the mini mother hen just leaving him alone and unconscious in the courtyard without a *very* good reason.

He'd started to really worry when Phil didn't respond. Nobody had seen the Prince all day, so Techno resorted to contacting his other kids, surely the only thing that could make Philza react like this would be one of his siblings needing his help? But, they all answered. And none of them had seen Phil. To make matters worse, Chat was deathly silent. Technoblade had forgotten what total silence was like, it was uncomfortable to say the least. Was the silence somehow connected to Phil missing in action?

Philza wasn't answering anyone's links.

It was entirely unknown what had happened, and it wasn't a guarantee the Phil was in trouble, but Techno would tear everything apart to find the youngest member of their untraditional little family.

It was rare for everyone to be in one place, but when it did happen it was always at the Antarctic Empire's castle. Naturally, that's where their entire family had gathered once it got out that Philza had seemingly just vanished. Technoblade was so worked up that he was activating some plan to conquer the world in a single day just to avoid the politics of sending mass manhunts into every continent.

"Techno, i understand you're worried- we all are! But this is definitely breaking some sort of war law. You can't just-" there was a loud crashing sound that abruptly cut off Wilbur- who seemed at war with his logical leader side, and his protective big brother side. Although his words seemed reasonable, he was currently looking over Technoblade's plans and sending word to his own army so they'd be prepared for the biggest war this server has ever seen.

And just like that, the entire server awoke to the notification: Welcome to The Antarctic Empire.

And yet, a certain little Elytrian remained missing.

George didn't like getting involved in drama, but he did love his friends. That's literally the only reason he came to Earth SMP. Dream had been missing for a while, just disappeared without a word. Sapnap had figured out where he was, and George hadn't been willing to let one of his closest friends enter a server practically made for war. Dream and Sapnap were like family to George. It was the three of them against the world, and he'd do anything to keep them safe.

And then he'd met more people. First, it was Tubbo, who somehow managed to be just as sweet as he is chaotic. Atlas, who spoke more with his caring and protective actions than his words.

Then Technoblade, who seemed so intimidating, and yet showed so much kindness. Tommy, who was loud and annoying, but also gave them a home and his friendship. Wilbur, who was fairly unpredictable, but always managed to act like an older brother to all of them. Ranboo, who always managed to make George laugh. And Philza, the kid that always messaged everyone at least once a day just to make sure they were all doing alright, and to ask if they needed anything.

They were all so kind in their own ways, and now one of them was missing- possibly (probably) in trouble. So yes, ordinarily, George would look the other way. Stay out of the drama. Wilbur and Techno had just hijacked the server in their search for the missing kid.

But, Philza was unconditionally kind to them. To George and Sapnap. And. . . taking a little look around for the kid wouldn't really hurt anything, right?

"Hello, George!" The brunette yelped, spinning around to face the familiar voice. And there he

was, Dream. . . but somehow he was. . . floating?

"Dream?" He asked, confused as to how his friend was doing that. He'd *know* if Dream were a God. Right?

Dream tilted his head at the question, slowly shaking it in a negative. **"Nope, that's not my name. I'm Dream XD! You can call me D, if you want."** The God offered cheerfully.

XD was a God, relatively young, but a God nevertheless. He knew Dream, due to the guy being a demigod and his little brother.

XD had been keeping an eye on his brother, and thus knew his friends. George in particular had caught his attention. He could see why Dream had taken a fondness to the little mortal, his presence was soothing, welcoming. He envied how his brother was free to interact with the player as much as he wished. And yet, the foolish demi-god waisted that opportunity repeatedly.

Most server Gods forbid XD from interacting with the players, saying he's too young and naive. But XD was a greedy being. He wanted to speak with George. Get to know him on a real level, and he wanted the mortal like him. He wanted George to know that XD would keep him safe, that he was always on George's side.

This server's Gods were no different, they forbid Dream from meeting with the players. But, as the God watched the little mortal wander by himself, he couldn't resist.

He would deal with the consequences later.

George remained confused, "D?. . . are you one of the server gods? I've never heard of you." He asked, wondering if the being was ever planning to touch the ground. D laughed, and once again shook his head. **"No, I don't rule this server. . . but i could. Do you want me to be a server god?"** The God asked.

"U-uhmm. . . I don't know? Do you want to be?" George questioned with uncertainty. The God

landed, feet finally touching the ground, and leans over- *looming* over George as he speaks, chipper tone never leaving.

"It would make us being friends easier."

◦ _____ ◦

George found Philza. Specifically his cords, somehow. The young man refused to explain how.

Phil had been unconscious on a small patch of land, only just big enough for the kid and a whole *murder of crows*. He'd been soaked to the bone, and had yet to awaken. The dozen or so crows had determinedly followed him home, and were all perched outside his window. Technoblade was still dealing with an uncomfortable silence in his head, and the bird's caws weren't settling well with him.

Technoblade had his son back, and yet somehow, he felt like he really didn't.

Chapter End Notes

George: **breathes**

DreamXD: i'mma fuckin' simp for this mans.

Author: ahhh, fluff is nice. . . . but look at these Gods, chillin. They deserve some spotlight right?

Technodad: **breaks through the wall** I will kill you.

Author:ahaha. . .ha. . . **bolts out the window**

Peak into the Past

Chapter Notes

So, i lost my laptop and thus all the chapters I had. But hey, I'm home now! Hopefully I'll be able to actually update 😊

This is extremely short, it was originally part of a bigger chapter. . . but that chapter is lost and I've been wanting to post- so here's a lil something ig

Thank you all for reading and being patient! ♥♥♥♥

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Philza let out a happy little chatter, his wings ruffling behind him as Sam's laughter filled the air. The creeper hybrid gave the blond a little hug as he lightly scolded the small boy. "Hold still! You're gonna make me accidentally pluck a feather." He huffed, before he went back to carefully preening the nine year old's wings.

"I can't help it, you're too good at this!" Philza giggled, letting out a few chirps as Sam gently removed a particular loose feather that had been bothering him. The older boy let out another huff, "Only because you never remember to preen yourself!" He said, always scolding the smaller boy with a certain fond exasperation.

"I don't need to when I have you, Sammy!"

"What do you want for your tenth birthday?" Philza looked up from his book at the question. "I'm good, mate! I don't want anything."

Sam gave the younger boy a light glare, "Philza Minecraft, you tell me what you want right now." The creeper hybrid spoke with a mock stern voice. Phil rolled his eyes and gave a small shake of his head, "I don't want anything, we can just hang out."

And Sam knew that Philza wouldn't budge. Because the kid was smart, and knew that they didn't really have very much. Sam was only 17 himself, and it was hard to support himself and a kid.

Especially considering they're both hybrids. Very few people want a creeper hybrid working for or with them.

"Alright, fine. We'll bake a cake together, yeah?" And the smile that Sam received made it all worthwhile.

There was fire.

People were screaming.

Philza felt the hand slip out from between his fingers.

There was an explosion.

Philza hit the ground.

People were on the ground.

They weren't moving.

"Sam?"

"Sam?!"

"SAM!"

Kidza: I love you, Sam!

Sam: *clutches heart* love you too, kiddo.

Author: *immediately destroys their happiness*

Kidza: ;-;

Time to wake up

Chapter Notes

Thank you for reading! This is, again, short due to it being a rewrite and everything. I apologise, but! I have begun righting the prequel earlier than i planned so you guys will get more content!

Basically, there's a lot of stuff i had planned for Phil's past that I realised would never get covered in this story (for various reasons but mainly because there's just so much that's not big enough to be dragged on)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur was relieved that they had found Philza, but couldn't help the paranoid concern and worry as the days past and the kid didn't wake up. Unfortunately, Wil couldn't stay by the boys side like Technoblade was. He had a new country to run. And Dream was still causing trouble. . . alright, so was Tommy, but still!

Wilbur was finally able to get away, and as he opened the door, he saw a now familiar sight. Kidza was fast asleep, cheeks red, sweating lightly, and panting a little from a fever. The piglin hybrid sat in a chair right beside the bed, looming over the small boy with a frown. His usual skull mask had been long abandoned, laying on the pillow beside Phil's head.

"You knew, Phil. Before this server came to be, you knew him." Technoblade spoke, voice almost as intense as his eyes as they landed on Wilbur.

Wilbur set his mouth in a thin line, and gave the hybrid a firm nod. "We'd only met a handful of times. And I hadn't seen him in years before the opening day. That's what we were speaking about, I was curious and had questions. . . never did get my answers." Wilbur doesn't need to mention that their first talk had been cut short. Technoblade was the one that had interrupted them.

"Who's Sam?" The piglin questioned, not bothering to beat around the bush. Wil sighed a little, running a hand through his curls. That had been one of the questions Phil never answered. Wilbur didn't know what happened to the creeper hybrid, but he knew that he was far too protective to have allowed Philza to wander off to a war server unsupervised.

"Sam is a creeper hybrid. I never knew the full story, but I always assumed Sam was Phil's older brother or something. The last I'd seen of him- and Philza before the launch of SMP Earth- they'd been living on this little server, I forget the name. Phil had just turned ten, and they seemed to be happy. Sam was taking care of Phil, and they seemed to be doing just fine by themselves. You

should talk to Pete, he may know more." Wilbur explained, telling Techno what little he knew.

Techno has a soft grunt, acknowledging that he'd been listening to the curly haired leader speak. "He keeps calling out names. Techno. Ranboo. Wilbur. Tommy. . . Sam." As the last name was uttered, Wilbur watched the Antarctic leader scowl. And Wilbur couldn't read the hybrid's mind to know why. But, the young man did feel the need to defend Sam against the scowl he wasn't even here to see. "Sam is a good man. I'll try to get a hold of him, if he's around, he'll want to know about all this."

Technoblade gave a nod, and Wilbur took it as a dismissal as he stiffly exited the room. He'd visit his little brother when he was awake. He didn't want to mention the fact that he had *already* tried to contact the creeper hybrid. He'd done so multiple times over the first week of the server- he's assumed that the two boy's had had a bit of a quarrel, and the speedy little tyke had taken off on Sam. . . but, Sam wasn't on the old server. And all Wil could do was leave another unseen message to the moblin's link.

The crows had slowly begun to disperse. And oddly enough, the voices came trickling back.

They weren't saying anything meaningful, just shouting that they're back. Trying to get Technoblade to notice them, to acknowledge them. Some of them actually tried to sooth him, claiming that Philza would wake up soon. That his youngest son was somehow perfectly alright.

Two comments stood out among the crowd.

Death's little angel

So death is a woman. . .

And Techno couldn't bring himself to lingering upon what those two comments implied. Instead, he dutifully replaced the now warm rag with a cooler one, and he trusted Pete to take care of his kingdom while he tended to the sleeping bundle of Phil- because although he could be a wild card, the man was nothing if not loyal. He knew Pete would do his best, he was a good guy.

Techno hadn't noticed that he'd drifted off. Only coming to when he felt small and somewhat clammy fingers gently running through his hair, carefully unraveling the knots that had built up from Technoblade running his own hands through it in his stress. That's when he also hears the quiet whispers.

"I don't care, he doesn't sleep enough. I'm not waking him." There was a pause, and Techno heard cawing from the window. "Stop! He'll wake when he's ready." More cawing, and Technoblade hears the distinct sound of wings ruffling. But then there's more cawing, and the fluttering stops. A dead silence envelops the room. "Technodad?" Phil whispers quietly, and the piglin feels his heart clench at the word. Dad, he'd never get used to that. Hell, he never thought he'd be called that. What with the whole Blood God thing.

Technoblade slowly looks up, locking his eyes to a pair of worried, yet warm eyes and a soft, welcoming little smile. Philza was awake. He was actually awake.

.....

"Dad, are- are you crying?!" An alarmed shout notified the guards outside the door of the happy news. The following response from their ever feared ruler made them choke back their laughter.

"Heh? No, you got a feather in my eye."

just for those who don't read the top note: the prequel has been posted if you'd like to read a brotherly story of Phil and Awsamdude :) <3

Chapter End Notes

Technodad: who's Sam?

Wilby:ahaha, well- uhm- you see- *throws a rock at the window and bolts out the door*

Technodad: *wakes up*

Kidza: morning dad!

Technodad: *tearing up* my son-

Emotional Malfunction

Chapter Notes

I'M SO SORRY FOR THE LACK OF UPDATE!!! I swear I've been working on this and my other stories, however updates will be quite slow for a while due to a bunch of less than stellar life circumstances.

Thank you for your patience and all the supportive comments and kudos, you have no clue how much I appreciate them!

Please stay safe and healthy folks <3<3<3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Philza was awake and back to his usual self. He didn't seem to suffer any side effects or illness, and seemed as chipper as ever. Making the large makeshift family collectively sigh in relief.

Alright, yes. Philza now talked to crows. Which was odd. New people often got caught off guard when they noticed the little prince chatting to the birds, especially when the crows seemed to speak back. But, the family soon grew accustomed to it. Both Techno and Ranboo couldn't help but exchange fond looks when the crows brought shiny little trinkets and gifts to Technoblade's youngest boy, Philza always gratefully accepting them.

Things were normal for a while, and Technoblade enjoyed his time with his new family even more now that he'd almost lost one of his kids. L'Manberg seemed to be thriving, and due to the warmer climate most of the kids- yes, Techno knows that they aren't *all* kids, but they're far younger than him- lived there as their official residence. But Techno made sure all their rooms stayed open and clean for them. Ranboo and Philza were the only two that lived with Technoblade, but Tommy and Wilbur visited often. So often in fact, that they often managed to show up for family dinner. They almost never missed a visit on the weekends.

The four boys often got up to funny little antics, causing chaos for The Antarctic's locals and especially the castle's poor employees. Luckily, Technoblade's people had all but grown used to the four boy's trouble making. Nearly everyone was completely smitten with both Ranboo and Philza. Techno knew this from the fact that the guards rearranging their patrols to make sure there were always at least two of them within shouting distance from the boys at all times.

Or the multiple times in which he saw people sneaking little gifts and toys under their bedroom doors. Or when Technoblade caught a cook sneaking the boys sweets even when Techno says they've had enough sugar.

Even if Technoblade decided he needed to stop spoiling the two, the rest of the Antarctic would simply do it for him. It did put the piglin at ease though, the knowledge that his boys are safe in this land, and will continue to be safe even if Technoblade wasn't there.

And even though the other kids weren't around as much, the people of the tundra Kingdom respect them all greatly. After all, nobody is foolish enough to bring harm to someone under *The Blade's* protection.

Techno was surprised when the two teens that lived under his roof began to add new routines to their days. They still goofed off and played, ran around the castle and village to cause trouble. But, now they seem to grow more interested in work. Ranboo began to take his sparring sessions with Techno much more seriously, and the ender hybrid took interest in speaking and training with the guards. Ranboo had also started to take more initiative to collect vast sums of wealth with Phil, the two grinding for materials quite often.

-.-.-

"I've noticed you've taken an interest in the guard. Especially sense Dream left." Techno spoke while they took a break. Ranboo had done extremely well this session, and they were both pleasantly sore from the work out.

"Yup." Was the simple response, and the blood god chuckled fondly at the lanky teen.

"Can I ask why?" Techno hedged on, an amused smirk covering his lips as he hides it with a sip of water.

His amusement fades however as Ranboo stiffens, back going straight as he looks at the piglin hybrid seriously.

"I don't care for violence or anything, but I want- no. I need to be able to protect my family. You, Phil, Tubbo, Tommy, Wilbur- all of you." The hybrid pauses for a moment in his speech.

Techno watches in bewilderment as Ranboo looks him in the eye- something that the ender hybrid hates - and nods with determination, "Phil is going to be king- or emperor- whatever. When you retire or quit, or heaven forbid something worse, everyone knows that you intend Phil to rule. The simple fact is that people will try to hurt him because of that. I need to be able to stop that."

Ranboo finally breaks eye contact, instead looking at the sky as he deflates a little. "The side I pick will always be my family." He whispers, and Technoblade silently pulls the boy into his

side. If he has his way, the responsibility of protection will never really fall on the young man's shoulders.

But still, he was proud.

-.-.-

Phil had also begun to attend royal meetings and spend more time in the library. The boy used his natural charisma and empathy to make connections with most of the other nations.

Those blue puppy dog eyes single handedly began to strengthen the Antarctic Empire's alliances and sooth those who were neutral. And somehow find time to inconvenience those few nations in which there was an openly hostile relationship.

Philza also dragged Ranboo into town more. Not just to cause chaos, but to speak with the people. He would bring notes to Techno of what was doing well and what needed improving, inform the piglin of what the locals were upset about and what they were happy with. It was truly astounding how efficient the boy was.

-.-.-

"You know you don't have to do this? You're a kid, feel free to stay a child for as long as you can." Techno sighed, setting down the weekly report that Phil had written for him. Philza simply laughed at him, shaking his head as he pat Technoblade on the back soothingly.

"Nahhh, mate. I wanna do this! This place, these people have given me so much! And you work so hard, and if I can ease that work load just a little by taking a bit of time to socialize and read?" The blonde haired teen chuckled as he looked at the report over The Blade's shoulder.

"I just want you and Ranboo to have a decent childhood. You two shouldn't feel pressured to work-"

"I promise you that we don't feel pressured. We still have plenty of fun, and our childhood has been amazing since we met you. We're both having fun with our lives. . . you're a good dad."

Technoblade didn't cry. Phil's wings just have a tendency to bring up his allergies.

"TECH TECH TECH!" Technoblade was startled as a little form barreled into him from the air in a heap of dark feathers and excited laughter, arms wrapping themselves around the piglin's neck in a hug as Techno let out a grunt and steadied his stance.

"Woah, bud. You tryin' to assassinate me or somethin'?" The pink haired male chuckled, reflexively wrapping his own arms around Phil to help support the kid's weight. It wasn't two seconds later, however, that Phil shoved himself out of Technoblade's hold to land gracefully on his feat. A large and cheeky grin stared up at the hybrid, blue eyes full of barely contained excitement.

"I got invited to join a new server, Terra Swoop Force! It's a bunch of these super cool obstacle courses specifically for flying! They even said I could use my wings instead of the elytra!" Phil spoke loudly in his excitement, bouncing up and down as his wings fluttered- as of anticipating the flight. "They want me to speedrun, Techno! I get to fly as fast as I can!"

Technoblade really didn't like to tell the kids no. It was honestly a problem. But, he'd also heard of this server, after all, it was sort of growing in popularity. He also knows that death is all but guaranteed. Multiple deaths usually. And yes, Terra Swoop Force was also notorious for having a very safe and efficient respawn set up, along with a 24/7 medical station staffed and stacked with nothing but the best. . . but from what Techno could gather, Phil had only ever died once. And the boy still had nightmares, and Technoblade still couldn't bring himself to fully inquire into his past.

On top of all that, death was still dangerous. You rarely know when your last respawn will be. Telling Phil no is simply the most responsible thing to do.

Even so, it wasn't easy to look at that excited smile and crush what is likely something that Philza has been dreaming about since the flight server had been announced.

"I. . . look, I know it sounds exciting, but you'd be disappointed. Really doesn't live up to the hype. You can just build your own obstacle course here or somthin'." Techno tried to end it there, to walk back inside and go trade with the village at a different time, but Philza wasn't done. "No, you don't get it. It's *big*! And I could be a *professional speedrunner*! How awesome would that be?!"

"It's too far of a trip just for a little flight time. Can't leave Pete in charge for that long."

"Alright, you don't have to go? Ranboo and I-"

"Does Ranboo even like flying?"

"He wants to be there for me, and he said he wouldn't mind trying his luck-"

"What if you two get lost?"

"Wilbur and Tubbo can come, Will-"

"No!" Techno finally snaps, and Phil flinches. Techno felt instant regret as he's forced to look into wide eyes full of confusion and even a little fear. The piglin sighs, rubbing the bridge of his nose as he feels a headache starting to form. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to snap at you."

He kneels down and places his hands on both of Phil's shoulders, looking the boy in his eyes to convey both how serious and how sincere he is as he speaks, "Philza, people crash on those courses. People get hurt, and people die. On top of that, speed running is competitive. There's a lot of drama that you don't wanna get involved in. I'm telling you no, you're not going to Terra Swoop Force. And that's not out of spite or punishment, it's because I love you. Alright? Now, Wilbur is a grown man and I honestly see Tubbo as a family friend more than my kid so I can't really order them not to go. But I want you and Ranboo to stay away from that server. M'kay?"

There's a moment of silence between the two, a variety of emotions playing out on Phil's face before the boy's features go completely blank. Expression completely unreadable and all but void of emotion.

-.-.-

"Kiddo, c'mon. You've gotta understand that my saying no to you tagging along isn't because I don't want you around or some punishment, it's because I love you. You're all I've got, and I can't risk you getting hurt. This job is dangerous, especially for you. M'kay?"

"Sam?"

"Yeah, kiddo?"

"Love you too."

-.-.-

Philza shook his head, looking away from Technoblade as the piglin spoke a conversation that was too similar to another hybrid. He couldn't help but feel a little resentment at the words. Technoblade wasn't Sam, and Philza didn't like to compare them, but sometimes it was hard not too. He mentally scolded himself, Techno wasn't Sam. He wouldn't leave, he had literally *adopted* Phil. He was legally responsible for him, and that meant he was stuck with Phil for life.

And Technoblade never dies.

So he nodded, for some reason still unable to look at Techno, and began to walk back to the castle. He was grateful that Technoblade didn't stop him or follow as he made his way to the training grounds.

Philza honestly intended to tell Ranboo that the trip was off, that Techno forbade them from going to the Terra Swoop Force server.

"Phil! What did he say? Can he take time off?" Ranboo asked, the taller boy's excitement had been peaked by Phil's own, along with the adrenaline of sparring with the guards.

And as Phil went to explain the situation, to tell the older boy that they had to call it off, his mouth spoke a different set of words. "No, it's just gonna be you, Will, Tubbo, and me. He can't leave Pete in charge for that long." The words felt a tad stiff and robotic coming from his mouth, and Ranboo seemed to take that as his disappointment the Techno wouldn't be there because the ender boy quickly wrapped him in a hug and gave a reassuring smile.

"It's fine, that just means that Wilbur will be in charge. We'll literally be able to get away with anything! It'll be totally pog!" The teen cheers, and Phil can't help but smile a little at Ranboo's excitement.

How bad could something really be if it brought a smile to his brother's face? Plus, it was clearly easier to ask for forgiveness rather than permission. He just had to make sure nobody got hurt.

Yeah, easy clap.

Chapter End Notes

Ender boi and Kidza: *do mature things out of family love*

Technodad: *tearing up* those are my sons.

Technodad: I love you and Ranboo. Don't do this dangerous thing.

Kidza: *emotionally malfunctions* yes yes. Do the dangerous thing.

Ranboo: *oblivious* yeah so let's do this fun and definitely completely safe thing!

NOT A CHAPTER

Chapter Summary

NOT A CHAPTER JUST AN AUTHOR'S NOTE THING

I'm adding this to all my stories!

I've created a new discord: Specifically_vauge #7576

I've created this just in case someone who reads my one of my stories would like to leave less public comments or creative criticism.

But by all means feel free to simply talk to me! Or if you're struggling with something, I'll always be there to listen! :)

And if maybe someone out there wants to help me via beta reading my stories I would be eternally grateful x3

Anyways, thanks for reading! Stay safe and have fun! <3<3<3

Flight training and kids being kids

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Technoblade didn't know how to handle the situation. Phil had directly ignored his words, and was going to the Swoop Force server with the boys. He knew this because Wilbur had called him, *scolding him for not going with them*. Wilbur had been livid, raving about how Techno should be there in case something happens. "What if one of us breaks a record? You won't even be there to see it! Or what if we break a bone or something??? You won't *be there!* "

Techno had been stunned into silence, processing the words with difficulty. "I'll have to call you back, Will." And with that, he had hung up. No doubt cutting off the young man's rant.

How does one deal with this kind of situation? Is this that 'teenage rebellion' thing that people talk about? It just didn't seem like Phil. If anything, Techno would have thought the boy would talk it out with him, try to make a logical argument or tug on Technoblade's heart strings with some puppy eyes or strike. Phil was usually mature, chaotic sometimes sure, but the kid could negotiate like a real politician and knew it. This seemed a lot more like a Tommy move than Phil's.

And yet, it was Philza who had *lied*. The kid had said he wouldn't go- that he understood- right to the hybrids *face*.

No wonder Phil had been avoiding him for the entire day since they talked. Techno thought it was best to give him space, that Phil was just sad he couldn't go- or maybe just busy building his own cool little obstacle course. Apparently, he had been wrong.

It took a while to track down the young boy, and Techno could feel his emotions continue to rise as he searched. Anger, betrayal, disappointment. . . he had *thought* that Phil understood. Really, he had.

Technoblade was ready to ring the little trickster a new one by the time he tracked the boy back to Phil's actual room. He opened the door without pausing to knock, mouth open and ready to call the kid out on his shit.

Only, Philza was sitting in the middle of his bed, all alone, with his knees hugged to his chest and looking *miserable*. And somehow it just knocked all of the wind from the hybrid's sails. Phil looked up with big blue eyes, looking just about one second away from actual tears. "Bud," Techno sighed out, feeling his entire body relax and unwind from it's previous stance that was taught with

emotions.

Phil's eyes seemed to water even more, before he quickly hid his face in his knees. Technoblade took a moment to sit beside the boy, not sure how he needed to handle this entire situation. Before the hybrid even thought up something to say, however, the little prince was speaking.

"I'm sorry." It was whispered so quietly, Techno nearly missed it. Technoblade was so far out of his depth. Had been since the moment he took a child in, honestly. But in this moment, that fact decided to really sink in. Phil may be responsible and mature, smart as all hell. He may be the co-ruler of the Antarctic Empire, and one of the wealthiest people on the smp but at the end of the day... he's still a kid. He's not some mythological legend or all knowing being. And Techno clearly hit some emotional nerve, because kid- *people* - are emotional beings.

Techno, unfortunately, was not great at showing his emotions, nor was he great at dealing with others. . . something he should probably work on considering how many people Phil is adopting for him.

Not knowing what to say, or what else to do, he pulled the winged boy into his arms for a hug. Letting the kid curl into him, hearing the sniffing that came with tears.

The piglin couldn't help but wish the whole disappearance ordeal had never happened. It seemed like things had changed despite everyone wanting them to be the same.

Ignoring that thought, Techno held the little prince. Neither saying a word. And when Phil's breathing evened out into sleep, the king only moved enough to lay down.

Ranboo eventually joined them, curling up in a little pile. Techno could be happy with this. It wasn't perfect by any means, but it was a familiar thing.

Technoblade slept through the night, with two of his sons in his arms.

They ended up going to TSF in a decently large group. Technoblade, Wilbur, Ranboo, Philza, Tubbo, and even Tommy. The entire trip was spent listening to Philza rant about the tunnels they'd

be trying. Tommy, of course, simply teased him for his excitement while the other two teens began to contagiously get second hand excitement. Wilbur had a fond look, but was clearly here for the kids and not the whole event itself.

Techno was still nervous about the entire situation, however he couldn't help but feel more at ease with his entire little adopted family in his sights. (*No he would **not** count all the other little stragglers Phil had taken in- **chat there is a limit.***)

It was soothing to see all his kids. See them safe and having fun. *Being kids*. Sometimes Technoblade thought they were too grown up too quickly. With all the wars, nations, and countries. . . it was easy for a childhood to be swallowed whole, and that's something that can't be retrieved once truly lost. So although he's afraid of one of his kids getting hurt, he can't help but think this may have been the right call after all.

Plus, he was here for them. If anything happened, he'd know. And he could fix it.

"Holy shit-" Techno startled out of his thoughts as Wilbur swore breathily, looking at what had the young man gaping- "Heh?!"

The caves were *massive*. And that's a gross understatement. And they looked **far** more dangerous than Techno thought. He was about to turn the trip around- refuse to let his kids do a suicide obstacle course- but Phil was squealing in excitement.

The other three teens had clearly faltered while Phil seemed more excited. "This is just the first tunnel! It's the easy one!" The blonde boy cheered, oblivious to the mood shift. Phil was already rushing to the flight suits before Techno could say anything.

"I'm simply not doing that." Wilbur says, seeming to put his foot down. Despite a distinct lack of anyone telling him to attempt such a deadly activity. Techno sighed, "Nobody has to do this. It's a ridiculously hard obstical course." The emperor grumbled, heading over to wait outside the dressing room to speak with his youngest little daredevil.

Of course, Technoblade probably should have predicted that his words would have the opposite of the desired affect. All three teens seemed to simultaneously look at each other and decide that they would be throwing themselves off that ledge with determination.

Techno watched in exasperation as they all began fighting over colors. "Bruhhhh."

Wilbur's snickering decidedly did *not* bring a reluctant smile to Techno's face. *No chat he's not soft, thank you very much.*

"Alright, so just follow you, little man?" Tommy asked, adjusting his elytra and the helmet to his red flight suit. Philza- of course having chosen pink because "pretty"- snorted and shook his head. "Prime, no! I've got my eyes on a fast route that's definitely more dangerous. You should stick to the left." He snickered.

The words didn't bring Technoblade any comfort. "Maybe you should take the safe path, hmm?" The nether hybrid cautioned, only for Phil to give him a mortified look. "How will I break any records like that?" The boy questioned, voice holding an absurd amount of incredulity.

It was a losing battle, and Techno knew it. It seemed Will did as well, because he stepped in, fussing over Phil's flight suit as he spoke. "This is new for everyone, Phil. And while you have more control because of your wings, everyone else is stuck with elytras. Less mobility, bud. We've got all day, how about for now you just guide everyone on a safe path. Let 'em see where they should go." Wilbur reasons.

Technoblade is surprised how well this works, though he probably shouldn't be. Phil takes the task of teaching his family how to fly very seriously, he starts going over the basics, the safety precautions, and even makes them all do test flights before attempting the obstacle course. Ranboo listens attentively, taking notes in his memory book. Tubbo listens less attentively, getting sidetracked a few times. And Tommy just keeps claiming that he's already the best at this and could easily beat Phil because, *"I'm a big man, and I'm older so no child could best me!"* To which the younger blonde simply snorts at dismissively.

Unfortunately, the time comes where the kids are deemed ready for the real deal. The Emperor of the most powerful empire, the warrior so great that he'd earned the label of 'Blood God', was somehow rendered powerless because of a couple kids. At that moment, it clicked that his kids would actively seek danger. Even if they *didn't*, danger would seek *them*.

And, Technoblade wouldn't be able to protect them. Yes, this is fun for them, so the eldest hybrid can't bring himself to regret this trip, not really. But, L'Manburg is on the brink of war. The Antarctic Empire is always at odds with some other kingdom or another. And eventually there would come a time when these *kids* were dragged into something dangerous that they had no right to be dragged into.

The Empire has already forced his children to grow up too fast. Ranboo and Phil are taking on far too much responsibility, and Wilbur seems unfazed by the fact that Tubbo and Tommy are the same way with L'Manberg. At least, he seems unfazed.

This is the moment that a little part of Techno started to question. *What good does power and government really do?*

Technoblade shook off his train of thought as Wilbur began a little cheer for all the boys. The nether hybrid chuckled as the young man shouted encouragement as the kids flew through the course.

Phil was concentrating on making sure everyone got through smoothly, and it was quite the sight to see Phil, (tiny little thing that he is) trying to pull Ranboo, (all lanky limbs of lean muscles) up to give the ender hybrid more lift that he needed.

And if Wilbur began to cackle at Ranboo's struggle and Tommy's flailing of ungracefulness, Technoblade wouldn't say anything. He himself snickered when Tubbo passed Tommy, only to flip him off. The blue eyed teens squawk of indignation was too humorous *not* to laugh at.

Maybe this really is what they needed. Techno hummed in content as he watched his little patchwork family enjoy themselves. As he watches his kids simply be kids for the moment.

It's a good day.

Chapter End Notes

Kidza: *lies to Technodad and sprints at danger*

Technodad: what do you have???

Kidza: *pauses* trauma! :)

Technodad: NO!

AKA

TSF: *extremely dangerous*

Kidza: ah, to be home! Feels good. Time to yEET-

Wilbur:..... I don't know what the fuck just happened, but I don't really care. I'mma get the fuck up outa here. Fuck this shit I'm out!

AKA

Technodad:... This is my life. These are my kids. They're perfectly fine. This is normal. Chat, there's nothing wrong with my kids-

His kids: and then you just YEET *starts throwing themselves off a cliff.

It's ok to be a little soft, Chat

Chapter Notes

I'm sick of letting the chaos of life delay my writing. I may not be doing daily updates, but I'll try to have at least one chapter out a week! I can't promise anything, but I'll try to update as much as possible! Thank you all so much for reading! I really do appreciate the kudos and comments more than i can express. And thank you all for your patience!
<3<3<3<3<3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Their little trip to TSF ended up being a much needed vacation that went shockingly smooth. All the boys got better at using elytras, and Phil got to really stretch his wings. The teen also managed to break a few speedrun records, and although his more risky moves nearly gave the family a heart attack, they all cheered him on. If Techno's heart swelled with pride for all of his impromptu adoptees, well, shut up chat.

The problem came when they'd gotten home, most of the family had stormed the kitchen. Tommy had declared that they needed a feast to celebrate Phil's new records, and Wilbur had encouraged the idea, claiming that they should make a lava cake that actually explodes. Tubbo had gotten excited about decorating it, telling everyone that it needed bees. The boy's had been too excited for Techno to put up even a token fight. The Emperor *did* feel pitty for his kitchen staff, but who could say no to so much excited energy? Plus, it was good for the kids to bond... right?

Techno soft

~~Awwwww~~

Farming awws lol

Drop kick the orphans

~~What about Gogyyyyy~~

~~Ohhhh call Sapnap!~~

~~*Wow, imagine being that soft. Couldn't be us.*~~

Techno huffs in amusement at Chats ranting. He knew the voices were just as fond of his children as him.

Now, you may be wondering what the problem is. To put it simply, someone was in their yard, and their plane had apparently run out of gas.

"No."

"But-"

"Phil, I have reluctantly accepted your previous 'adoptions'. Because yes, Ranboo and Tommy are indeed kids that needed-"

"A family!"

"... Yes. And Wilbur is a very young man, and trying to lead his own country. But now I put my foot down. I am not parenting a full grown and capable man that's hardly younger than myself."

There's a long pause as Phil stares at The Blood God as if he were a fool. "Mate, you don't gotta do shit. *I'm* adopting him. He's my responsibility." Technoblade groaned, dropping his masked face into his hands with exasperation. He steadfastly ignores the surprised snort of the grown man that started this argument.

"Phil. We've talked about this. You *can't* adopt anyone. You are 15. Everyone you adopt just ends up being my child. I refuse to have a child that is almost my age." The response, of course, was an eyeroll.

Michael was apparently finding the situation extremely humorous, as he simply kept snickering. Phil held up a finger, "I've adopted the blood god," another finger goes up, " a feral raccoon boy, a walking beanstalk with anxiety, a trigger happy President who loves politics, and several other traumatised children of war. I think one more is fine." By the end, Phil was holding up ten fingers, and Techno was fairly sure that their family wasn't that big even if he counted the unofficial part timers.... Which would imply that Techno doesn't even know all of the people Phil has "adopted"

The hybrid heaved a sigh, rubbing the bridge of his nose with his index finger and thumb in an attempt to quell a growing headache. "Phil. Philza. My son. My sweet, precious child. You did not adopt me. I adopted you, and-" Techno is cut off as he hears the tell tale teleportation of a certain teen. Ranboo scoops Phil up into a hug, tail swishing happily as he rumbles at the younger boy, "I

also adopted you. You're still my baby. Fight me." Ranboo snickered.

The two teens begin to bicker, and Techno sees Michael relax a little. Apparently the man had tensed upon the sudden appearance of Ranboo. Techno forgets that people can get startled by the elder teen instant teleportation, he was just used to it, and automatically assumed that anywhere Phil was, Ranboo was. Even if the elder was hidden in the shadows.

While Ranboo distracted the youngest child, techno gave the man a full gas can. "That should get you to at least a fill up spot. Now please leave. I can't stop Phil from kidnapping you via forcing you to join family dinner." The man looked like he was about to invite *himself* to dinner, but Techno flashed him a cold glare in warning.

See, Chat? He's still The Blood God. Still intimidating.

The Emperor decides to ignore the chants of soft ringing through his head. He instead turns back to the boys while Michael finally makes himself scarce. The pinkette chuckles fondly as he sees Ranboo completely folded around Phil, who is struggling not to collapse under the weight of the lanky teen. "You're crushing me!" Phil cried, clearly trying not to laugh. Ranboo doesn't even hold back his chuckle as he replies, "Hmm? Did you hear something, da- Techno?"

The nether hybrid restrains his fond smile, instead giving an exasperated sigh and shaking his head. "We should head inside and rescue the staff from the little hellions. I'd rather not have to deal with the Union, thank you very much." Techno speaks with the best deadpan voice he's got.

Both boys seem to find this exceedingly funny, as they both snicker. Ranboo finally stands to his full height, picking up Philza in the process and throwing the younger boy over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes before teleporting a short distance in the direction of the Castle front doors. Techno feels a soft smile curl on his lips as he hears Phil yelp in the distance. The boy's startled shouts bringing bubbly laughter to Ranboo's own lips.

Techno can't help but feel a little mushy at how much has changed in such a short time. It's easy to forget that not so long ago, people whispered his name in utter fear. A year ago, nobody would be brave enough to even look in his direction. He was a monstrous being. One of blood and death, a heartless and ruthless entity on a warpath.

And now, people saw him as a father. Albeit, a powerful ruler who would strike down an entire nation if they harmed one of his kids, but a father.

People spoke to him, if a bit cautiously. He was no longer an omen of destruction, no longer a monster. It was both a curse and a blessing.

He's not the only one that had their life turned upside down either. Ranboo has been getting better with his memory *and* his anxiety. Phil is gaining weight and height, Tommy is getting more confident, Wilbur is still chaotic, but in a far more grounded way.

Techno isn't the only one that's never had a family of his own. These kids needed this, and that's something that should never be taken for granted.

"Tech?"

Techno is pulled out of his thoughts by a small hand tugging on his sleeve. He looks down to see blue eyes, full of concern. "You good, man?" The masked man looks up to another pair of eyes, mismatched like the rest of the hybrid. Two kids watched him with perceptive concern and care. No fear in their eyes, not even thinking twice to get so close, to reach out and touch The Blood God.

Techno smiled, and pulled both his boys into a tight hug, neither resisting the pull, and both happy to lean into the given affection. Just as the emperor was about to speak, there was a loud **BOOM** !

All three startled, Techno reflexively pulling the boys closer with a growl as they all turned their heads in the direction the noise came from... inside the castle....

Phil started cackling while Ranboo wheezed. "I think we took too long." Ranboo gasped between his wheezing, which only sent Phil into more hysterics. The only thing keeping the boy from literally rolling on the ground in laughter being Techno's arm. The pink haired man could feel the blonde shake in mirth as the kid was doubled over one of his arms, and Ranboo was holding Techno's shoulder as he tried to calm himself as well.

The piglin hybrid tutted at the two, "Bruhhh, it wasn't *that* funny."

Despite his words, Techno made no attempt to move. Simply held his two boys while they expressed their amusement at the chaos that undoubtedly awaits them inside. Techno was fully prepared for the worst, and yet he knew that he wouldn't so much as reprimand the boys who've likely caused a lot of golds worth in property damage.

... ok, Chat. A *little* softness is perfectly acceptable

Chapter End Notes

Kidza: *sees a full grown and capable man who just needs some gas* ahhh. So what I'm hearing... Is that you need parental guidance.

Technodad: *carries kidza away* no. Absolutely not. I draw the line here!

Raccoon Innit, Wilburger, and bee boi: celebratory explosions, anyone?

Kitchen staff of the Antarctic Empire: *looks on in horror* please. Please, no.

Never challenge the blood good pt 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Phil opened his eyes, and he knew he wasn't awake. And yet, he's not asleep either. This is just where he goes when his friend wants to talk.

Well, sometimes, she doesn't talk. Death is very funny that way. "You shouldn't be here, little one." A soft voice speaks like a melody, echoing around the landscape with seemingly nobody attached to it.

Everytime Phil interacted with death, it was this place. An empty field, surrounded by heavy forest. Enclosed in a nearly perfect circle. The foliage a shield to protect them from the outside world. It was . . . peaceful. Beautiful. . . . home.

But, somehow it was different. For once, it wasn't day. No pleasantly warm sun to bask in, instead there was a chill to the air, and darkness engulfed the land. The stars were blurry, and now that Phil noticed that, he saw how everything around him was ever so slightly blurred as well.

"What's going on?" He questioned, head swiveling around to try and spot his friend. She wasn't there, not physically, but as she spoke Philza could hear the head tilt in her voice, "It would seem that you brought yourself here. Subconsciously, of course. Your instincts must be telling you to. Alas, I'm afraid it's not yet time for you to know." A soft and fond chuckle resonates through the field, and Phil feels his eyes begin to droop. "Rest well, my angel."

Philza wakes up.

"Dream, I honestly don't care what you have to say. You've taken it upon yourself to *threaten an ally* -"

"On a personal level. I made it very clear that it was a threat from *me*. Not the Empire."

Technoblade took in a deep breath, feeling like he was moments from popping a blood vessel.

~~WELP, TIME TO KILL A GREEN BLOB~~

~~BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD~~

~~*you know that relatable and kooky moment that your general tries to genuinely start a war against your children?*~~

~~L~~

~~Major L~~

Technoblade glares at the man before him with cold eyes. "I've ignored all the shit you've been pulling while L'amanburg was being built, but there is a **line**, Dream." At Techno's words, the blonde actually looked guilty. But only for a second. That guilt quickly transformed into indignant rage, and he stood so swiftly that the chair Dream had been sitting in a moment prior clattered to the ground.

Techno watched as this man he had respected and employed seemed to throw a temper tantrum, slamming his hands down on the table and daring to glare *at the blood god*.

"WELL MAYBE IF YOU KEPT YOUR MUTTS ON A FUCKING LEASH-" Dream cut himself off, a smart move considering Techno was milliseconds from drawing his axe and simply executing the man eight where he stands. The blond sighed, "I'm sorry. But, George and Sapnap? They're my family. They're *all I have*. I literally **just** found them. They were here for actual months

without me knowing! And just when I get them back, Tommy thinks it's 'funny' to destroy George's house!" The Emperor didn't speak or move for a long moment.

Wilbur hadn't mentioned that. Then again, Techno couldn't help but notice the man's letters he'd been sending Phil contradicted reports he'd been receiving. Wilbur had requested that Technoblade keep Philza and Ranboo away from Lmanburg until the threat of war past.

Techno couldn't help but begin to wonder what else the man was hiding, and if perhaps those lies were the reason he no longer wished his family to visit.

"Mate, Tom's a little shit. He's an *actual* gremlin child. You can't declare war on a nation just because one of its members is a chaotic little shit and pulls a prank you don't like." Techno turns to look at Phil in surprise, he hadn't even heard the boy enter the room. How long had he been there?

Dream looked like he was about to start arguing with Phil, which, *nope. Not happenin'*. For as happy and playful Phil always seems, the boy didn't react well when people are screaming their anger.

The nether hybrid gave the other man a sharp warning look, and Dream clenched his jaw as he seemed to refrain himself from signing a death warrant.

With a stern look, Techno stands from his seat, back straight and poise as he speaks with a voice that brokers no argument. "Dream, I really do respect you. However, L'Manberg is under my protection. I'm afraid that this is where we part ways." Dream put his head down, but Techno could easily read him. He was thinking. Scheming.

"What if. . . I challenge you? To a battle. If I win, not only do I stay, but you make me second in command." Techno hears Phil take a startled step back at that. Everyone calls Philza the prince, but when it comes down to it, his official title *is* co-ruler. Dream has essentially threatened the boy's job. "If you win, I'll leave. *And I* will owe you a favor. A big one. Like, risk it all to save your life."

The pinkette narrowed his eyes at the man, "What if I called in that favor to save one of my kids?" Techno doesn't need to see Dream's face to know the arrogant bastard was smirking.

Dream nodded in lieu of a reply. The Emperor looked to the youngest in the room, silently asking if Phil was alright with all of this.

Philza seemed to waver for a moment, before he straightened his back and his gaze turned to steely determination. If Technoblade didn't know any better, he'd think Philza had been raised and trained in a castle. Phil may not even be half Techno's age, but sometimes he couldn't help but think the kid was more fit to rule the Empire than he himself was.

"I'll contact king Beast. We've been working on an alliance, and this is just the kind of event he loves to host. It'll be a fair and honorable fight." Phil speaks with confidence, and a voice that allows no argument from either of his elders.

Before another word can be said, Philza exits the room with a flourish, cloak sweeping out in a wide and elegant arch. Techno blinked once. Then twice. And to think, most people thought that *Wilbur* was his most dramatic child.

"Well. I guess it's set. Soon we shall see who the better warrior is."

Chapter End Notes

Technodad: I'm sorry, Dream. But your actions have consequences.

Green Boi: *wheeze* hahaha. How about.... No?

Chat: *chanting* FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT

Yet another update

So. I'm sure that most of you have heard about Technoblade by now. I know that this has impacted many people, and I'm not going to get into all of my own emotions because you guys should be focusing on yourselves and your loved ones. This in part is why I've waited so long to post this update. Just know that my dm's are always open, even if I may take ages to reply. You are loved, you heard, and your emotions are valid.

First things first: I will not stop writing any of my stories. To me, this is how I keep his memory alive. The next update you see will be a chapter. Likely before the end of the day or tomorrow for me. I've been working on stuff in my absence, and none of my stories have been forgotten by me.

Having said that, let it be known that Techno will always have a happy ending- along with all of the character's. I write to escape reality, so no permanent death or sadness here. A little angst and hardship with a whole lotta fluff and love is my style.

I understand if you don't want to keep reading. You've got to do what's good for you. But I'm going to keep writing, because it brings me joy. And I hope that some of you can find joy in this situation as well.

I'm sorry that I'm no good with this kind of stuff, but I hope Technoblade can rest in peace, even though to me and many others, Technoblade never dies.

End Notes

Technoblade: *sees child*

Chat: can we keep it?

Technoblade: . . .

Philza: . . .? . . . *shows basic human kindness*

Technoblade: *grabs Kidza* this is my child now. I'll kill anyone who touches him.

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